

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

SEPTEMBER 9, 1957

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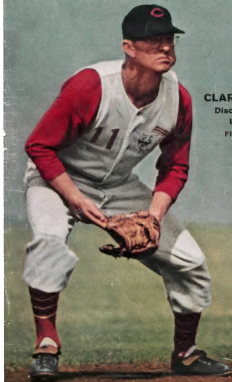
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CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

*Discovers a Strange New
Underwater World*
FIRST OF TWO PARTS

Cincinnati Shortstop
ROY McMILLAN

*The Best Was
Not Quite Good Enough*





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2.3.....	BRAND E	23.7
2.4.....	BRAND F	21.9
2.5.....	BRAND G	22.8
2.5.....	BRAND H	24.5
2.6.....	BRAND I	24.8

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SEPTEMBER 9, 1987
Volume 7, Number 11

Advertising rates on page 7

COVER: ROY McMillan

Photograph by Richard Merik

Cincinnati's skinny little Roy McMillan is the best shortstop in the major leagues and the outstanding player on a team of stars. But despite Roy and the other fine players on the club, the Redlegs are having a disastrous season. See page 44 for the reasons why.

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ROBERT H. BOYLE tells how the Yankees virtually wrapped up another pennant

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BATTLE OF CHAMPIONS

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PLUS: On the eve of the hunting season Ed Zerk picks the 10 best guns—and then runs fast for the woods



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SCOREBOARD

these faces in the crowd . . .



Mrs. Charles Reibel, member of winning Bahamas team, diligently practiced 15-pound Allison team for more than half hour before leaving it on 22-pound team line during final leg of Bahamas-Bermuda Angling Tournament at Bermuda, promptly left claim for world record.



Bill Venzek, Rochester-area swimmer from Northampton, Mass., who brought home gold medal from Melbourne, now medical student at U. of Toronto, skived 100-yard butterfly in 1:03.2 in exhibition time trial at New London, Conn., to better American record.



Charlie Cox, men-playing captain of U.S. Walker Cup team, was given many a motion picture by Irish young Brits, known genuine Irish rebel when his unusual charges bristled at challenge to win 5-2 in two-day tournament at Minneapolis (see below).

RECORD BREAKERS

Ray Andie, 40-year-old Denver auto mechanic, broke 1000-yard mile record, 17:10.4, against Wayne Fritts' 17:10.4, set in 1974. Andie's time was 17:10.4, set in 1974. Andie's time was 17:10.4, set in 1974. Andie's time was 17:10.4, set in 1974.

TENNIS

Andy Cooper and Neale Fraser, bright young Aussie power strikers, had their heads fall before leaving America's best, Vic Brown and Ham Richardson, 6-5, 7-8, 10-8, 7-5, in semifinals but had more time with aging Randolph Muller (3) and Budgie Pate (2) in final, coming back from quarters first set to even when weary opponents 4-5, 9-5, 3-1, 6-0 (see below) for National Doubles championship at Roseland, Mass. Brown's crown went to Mrs. Margaret Watson, 40, and Louie Brown, who snuffed out Wimbledon champion Althea Gibson and Doreen Ward, whom she beat in 17 straight matches and nine tournaments, 6-2, 7-5, for their twelfth title.

HARNESS RACING

Hickory Basher, driven smartly in front early by leady Johnny Simpson, held time in face of determined stretch challenge by Rusty King, high-stepped across finish line first by half length in 1:15.105 Ham-Monitors at The Quins, Ill. (see page 11).

BOXING

Bert Cuttler, smart-punching young middleweight from White Plains, N.Y., who goes for long-haul route, beat out 100-time champion against late-charging Ray Glavin, 10-0, coming away with his powerful right to win 10-round decision and No. 4 spot in NBA rankings at Dan Patch's New Orleans. Ralph Dupps, wearing corner fight to knock which resulted in injury New Orleans, where Louisiana segregation law forbids mixed athletic competition, visits of Johnny Brown's boxing career, and ended New York lightweight to take decision in 10 rounds at Miami Beach.

Super Ray Robinson, really handsome boxer who took on HBO's Jim Norton and New York Boxing Commission's John Rothard, ended his nine-day battle over Chester TV deal (see page 11), agreed to defend middleweight title against Walter Wright Thompson Cannon, 10-0, September 23 in Yankee Stadium after he was guaranteed \$150,000 per fight, top along with his 40% of gate, radio and movie rights. Super Ray headed back to Connecticut later training camp, allowed as how he "didn't want to disappoint Cannon."

HORSE RACING

Round Table, Oklahoma-Gilman Travia M. Ken's long-legged colt, coming fast and ferociously since Thoroughbred in Kentucky Derby, had things hot when he in \$149,000 American Derby at Washington Park, leaving from Long Face length behind to win his seventh straight, last up claim for 10-year-old horses. Charles J. W. (see below). "He was full of race, so I let him run his own race."

King Herby's Bone and There, chestnut daughter of 1960 Derby winner Middlebrook, carefully held up of action at 10-year-old by coming Trainer Max Hirsch, was ready to show her distance in \$25,000 Alabama Stakes, nation's oldest stakes for 10-year-old fillies, last week at Saratoga. Bone and There responded nobly, charging up from deep in pack in win and top off at 15-1 but her glory was to be abandoned. Bone 12 hours later, Bone and There was dead, victim of fire which broke out in stable.

BOATING

Seattle boats in-race Detroit for Silver Cup Regatta, came away with sweep of first three places. Hawk Kai, with Jack Rogers trumping down hard on throttle, thunderbolt over Detroit River at one-third mile to finish 1:08.1, but ahead of runner-up Miss Thetis in final 15-in-the-dash after giving time and second in preliminary, averaging around 101.100 mph for 45-mile test and piling up 1,000 points for first place. Miss Watson finished third.

FOOTBALL

New York Giants, in copy of last year's championship game, still had too much defense, too much offense

drive for Chicago Bears. With score tied at 17-17 in third quarter, Giants held firm on own 2-point line, scored 35 yards on quarterback Charlie Conner's pinpoint passing to win 28-17 in exhibition at Dallas. Headed Coach Chuck DeLoach, of his person fan-barkens "Three guys were chasing receivers all night."

GOLF

U.S. Walker Cuppers, after taking 2-1 lead in opening matches, found themselves in daylight on second day as 12 eight-year-olds led by Bob Paton, down 5-3 to British Amateur Champion Reid Jack at end of first 18, suddenly scored up his game. Holly Ingham Parson 1-up victory, triggered emotions for haggard team, who came through to win 5-3 at Minneapolis for 12th U.S. triumph in 18 years.

BASEBALL

New York Yankees came shuffling into Chicago with their 8 men in lead to score 5-1 in game and White Sox rolling high on six-game winning streak. They came the three days that took Chicago (see page 11). Yogi Berra, Elton Flanagan, Whitey Ford helped Yankees find strength to sweep three straight 11-6, 7-6, 2-1, all but last White Sox for double, a 5-inning 6-1 game of pace later reduced to 5 innings and almost within sight of third-place Boston Red Sox, who won five in row before losing to Baltimore.

Shawnee Burns got out of Philadelphia and New York in time to launch over their favorite sparring partners, Cincinnati Redlegs, and into a test in to sudden resurgence by Brooklyn Dodgers, who beat Brooklyn 10-0. Louis into second place in all-around National League race. Philadelphia still in line to Cincinnati but need complete Pittsburgh to step over St. Louis into fourth place.

MILEPOST

Minnesota—Don Carter of St. Louis and Mrs. Marion Ladewig of Grand Rapids, Minn., pin-bonding champions of National All-Star tournament, named Bowlers of the Year, by Bowling Writers Association of America, at Milwaukee. It was sixth time for Mrs. Ladewig, third for Carter.

continued

focus on the deed . . .



REACHING Aussie Neale Fraser backhands shot under watchful eye of partner Ashley Cooper in National Doubles final.



STUNNING victory in Alabama Stakes proved last race for Bone and There, who died in Saratoga fire next day (see above).



SWINGING British Peter Richardson bashes one as way to century in winning test match against visiting West Indies.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SD sensor open
SC sensor closed
C clear water
D water dirty, rusty
N water
normal height

SH slightly high
H high
VH very high
M smaller monthly
L low

W rising
WT20 water 20°
F4 fishing good
FVG fishing very
FF fishing fair

FP *fairly good*
 OH *outlook good*
 OVG *outlook very good*
 OF *outlook fair*
 OP *outlook poor*

BLACK BASS: THUNDERBOLT FLYING at Center Hill Lake. Best season for fall fishing last week was 10-pound 8-ounce largemouth taken by Finley Cunn of Duplin in the Falling Water River section of Center Hill near Conestoga. Bass trapping in Hurricane and Mine Lick creeks. Fly-fishing from banks and trolling now successful as bass move on from the dams.

Pennsylvania: L. C. water in the Juniata demands extreme caution, but live-bait anglers are catching bass above Amity Hall. Pittsburgh sport reports bass responsive to Fladfish in Lakes Edinboro and Le Boeuf, but FF in Allegheny and French creeks. OF used rains come.

SEEKING: After several years of extremely low water, Elephant Butte Lake is slowly coming back and medium-size bass are now taking surface chum.

CHANNEL BASS: LOTSMANN: Bull reds to 35 pounds now populate passes east and west of Grand Isle. Countless 20-pounders taken last week off Hopedale, Delaware Island and Camp Abel. OEE.

NORTH CAROLINA: Yearlings ranging from 12 to 20 pounds beginning to appear in Waller's and CHI.

STRIPED BASS: CALIFORNIA: FFG last week in San Francisco Bay and neighboring bays. Thirty strikers from 12 to 38 pounds were taken off Baker's Beach in one day. FFG for boats off Mission Beach and EC trawlers off Abasco. (MC)

seems promising: FVG in lower basin of the Sankey-Cooper Reservoirs pool weather started fish schooling. Wildlife Resources Department now stocking Lakes Murray, Greenwood and Catawba-Waynes with 5,000 fingerlings from landlocked Sankey-Cooper stock.

TARPON: LOVELACE: Light tackle enthusiasts enjoying sport provided by huge school of baby tarpon in Little Pam off Timbuck Bay. Lesser Palms of Golden Meads boated a 22-pound midsize there last week. Larger tarpon are in Chef Menteur, as demonstrated by Fred Lincoln of New Orleans last week when he took a 116-pounder on a croaker. **OFFG.**

Notes: uncommon. Large brown trout returning from summer grounds in Lake Superior have been seen, but not caught, in the Brule River. Run is earlier than usual despite low water. DG when lake takes water level.

NEW HAMPSHIRE: FFG in southern streams and ponds, FFG on Upper Connecticut River below East Connecticut Lake, and near Pittsburg, FFG at Scotts Bay and Round Pond for brookline up to one point on small flow. Special fly-fishing

season lasts from Sept. 2 until Oct. 31 in Idaho, ponds, streams, but 90% in Cass County, Oct. 15. **outlets:** Parts of Oregon Cascades had first snowfall of season last week, and temperatures went below freezing in many high lakes including Pendine, East and Lava. Cold also hit Wishing Horseville, but FGI for both back and fly fishermen who are long overdue.

Wassersnoot: Sea-run cutthroats plentiful in Olympic Peninsula rivers, especially the Quetzal and Humpback, on big backtails fished early morning and dusk. Fly-fishermen rising at Upper Concoquely Lake in Okanogan where rainbows to 19 inches have been reported. FG also at Ross Lake on Upper Skagit, Curlew Lake in Pierce County.

new record: Fly-fishermen on Chama and Brazos rivers advised to rise early because streams C in morning, but R after frequent afternoon showers. FG at La Jara, Cañabon, Canones, Los Pinos and Trout lakes.

FISHING: ISHOBEE ISLAND: Dr. John J. Vallone, Cranston, took the largest bluefish tuna of Atlantic coast anadrom last week, fishing east of Block Island. His prize, a 726-pound giant, was taken on a live whiting in two hours. ENGL.

BASSACHUMETS: School tuna plethral off Kate Point at Provincetown as well as Fallowe Rip where they average 85 to 110 pounds. Largest fish of Cape Cod Tuna Tournament, out of Barnstable Marina, was a 130½-pounder caught by Lou Barker, Wellfleet, MA; for schools.

SHIRAZI/BLANCH: Conception Bay near St. John's has yielded 12 giant blueies to red-and-reef sportmen this season. Smallest 542 pounds, largest 871 pounds. The latter was caught, appropriately enough, by O. L. Vandy, director of tourist development.

SHARK BODIES FF/P *Soldier's* Big off Wedge-jaw last week, as only three fish were caught. Sherman L. Siegel, Chicago, brought a 670-pounder to gull in 40 minutes. Dr. Jan C. Nel, Transvaal, South Africa, a member of the British Commonwealth team at the 14th International Tuna Cup Match (Sept. 11-13), re-

PACIFIC SALMON: *Oncorhynchus tshawytscha*

Heavy run of humpbacks reported from west coast, but salmon, though numerous, hard to catch. Best bets are Campbell River, Comox and Alberni, BC at Pender Harbor and Bamble Beach for spring. Tyee season slowest for many years, but presence of many 20-30 pounders suggests a record return of big fish in 1958 from 1955 spawning. **OG** for salmon by Sept. 15. **CRACK:** Salmon from 20 to 12 pounds striking with salmon at Nanaimo. Trout having much difficulty in salmon. Anglers report fish are biting lightly, at the time so that a light drag or cast, a few speed is needed for fish to rise. **CRACK:**

Namnetoon: Charter boats out of Westport returning by noon with limits for all hands, as shags and silvers continue to oblige eager anglers. Seika catch started off this week as commercial gill-nets moved into area, broke up schools. OG for a movement of silvers into area, but no action in 20-minute range and no action. Elbow Bay and Bullhead. FP a Horstland, big FG for kumajis as large Shag River. Schools of pilot whales and early morning seapog fins hampered anglers in northern Puget Sound waters, but they failed to hamper anglers' mighty catches of silvers and spring.

Cliff MG

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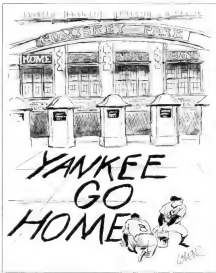
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THE LAST NAIL

It was hammered into the White Sox coffin by teams which limped and staggered into Chicago, then proved in three devastating days that the Yankees are still the Yankees

by ROBERT H. BOYLE



ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT, August 28, Joseph Gorman, a White Sox fan, stood up in his box seat at Comiskey Park and threw his container of beer straight into the face of Casey Stengel as he was returning to the dug-out after protesting a decision at first base. Mr. Gorman's action was, of course, absolutely inexcusable. But it was understandable. The Sox were in the process of muddling through the second game of a three-game series with the Yankees.

The Yankees came into town Tuesday night, having lost five out of seven on a road trip which was rapidly turning into a nightmare, their worst in years. For a team which had apparently wrapped up another pennant as long ago as mid-July, the World Champions seemed to be giving an amazing demonstration of how to make a once-dead pennant race come alive once more. The Sox, on the other hand, had won six straight and were now only 3½ games back. A month ago, no one expected the American League to have another "crucial series" this year. Now, suddenly, it was here. The impending series even made the front page—along with a torso murder.

A rather steady drizzle fell Tuesday evening, but 46,839 persons paid their way into the park. As a White Sox official had said beforehand, "Nothing less than a hurricane will stop this game." Inasmuch as Sox fans are a notoriously unruly lot—they are sort of Brooklyn fans without moral stature—precautions were taken to see that disorder was kept to a minimum. On hand were 329 Andy Frain uhers, 12 patrolmen and four plainclothesmen

EARLY-SEASON "crucial series" concept: Yankees inspired cartoon (81, June 17); results of last week's "crucial series" make it worth repeating. One Chicago newspaper,

the *American*, registered trademark design at the debate with this year note in right of Page One layout: BOX CHAMPION; SEE PAGE 22, OTHER COPY WHEN PAGE 20.



WHITE SOX FANS SURROUND YANKEE BUS TO MAKE SURE THAT THE ALL-CONQUERING CASEY AND HIS UNDERTAKERS REALLY GO

from the William J. Burns International Detective Agency, Inc., and 40 cops under the command of a lieutenant with the appropriate name of John L. Sullivan. Lieutenant Sullivan was kept busy during the early part of the evening trying to find a Northbrook, Ill. husband whose wife had called the park to report that their son was missing. She feared that hubby had driven off to the game with sonny locked in the trunk, and when hubby failed to respond to an appeal over the *Macomber*, Sullivan detailed 15 cops to search the parking lot for the car. "The lady finally called back," Sullivan reported, "and told us her husband found the boy asleep on the back floor of the car and returned home with him."

Hank Bauer, the first Yankee batter, stepped to the plate to face Pitcher Jim Wilson. The boys had barely subsided when Bauer hit the first pitch to left field for a single. Enos Slaughter struck out, but Mickey Mantle and Yogi Berra walked. Bill Skowron sin-

gled to left field to drive in two runs. Al Lopez went out to the mound to talk to Wilson, prompting a gentleman in the upper deck to advise loudly, "Get that guy out of there!" Lopez ignored the advice, however well intentioned, until there were two out in the top of the second. In came Gerry Staley to relieve, and by the time he got the third out, the Yankees led 3-0.

But the Sox, who never let their fans down all at once (they prefer to bleed them to death), came back to tie the score at 6-6. Visions of the first pennant since 1919 began to take shape. Unfortunately, after Slaughter and Mantle singled in the eighth, Paul LaPalme came in to relieve, and Berra hit the first pitch, a knuckler, into the upper deck in right center field. In the bottom of the eighth, the Sox loaded the bases with two out. In came Bob Turley to pitch. Minnie Minoso took strike one called, ball one inside, ball two inside, a swing for strike two dramatically going to his knees and then

a swing for strike three. The Yankees scored three more in the ninth to make the score 12-6, but a good many fans had already left the park in disgust.

In the clubhouse, Stengel was concerned about his pitching staff. "So we beat them?" he asked. "So what? You gotta stay alive to keep ahead of them." Lopez was quiet. "We'll come back and play tomorrow," he said, though many fans are now undoubtedly asking why. In his daily bylined column, Nellie Fox, "Star White Sox Insider," explained in the *Star-Times*: "Again we failed to master that decisive wallop."

Fox's analysis held true for Wednesday night's game which got off to a literally dismal start. A light rain was falling as Billy Pierce warmed up, and when he took the mound it really came down. With the count one and one on Bauer, the umpire held up the game. It rained steadily for 15 minutes. The lethargic ground crew, surely the laziest

(continued on page 52)

THE RED



SHOE MYSTERY

Whether or not the Russians invented baseball and the telephone, they have indeed invented a jumping shoe with an elevated sole that seems to take slick advantage of the rusegoing old rules.

by PAUL O'NEIL

THE HIGHLY VOCAL and highly estimable world of amateur athletics was properly impressed this summer when Russia's reward-hungry track team suddenly produced two 7-foot high jumpers. But last week it was suspecting out loud that the U.S.S.R. had, in the words of Stephen Potter, discovered an ingenious method of winning "without actually cheating." Sharp-eyed editors of the Parisian sporting newspaper *L'Espresso* started the talk by running a picture of jumper Igor Kashkarov with a caption: "The Mysterious Shoe of the Soviet High Jumpers."

It made a fascinating world conversation piece. Kashkarov, who recently reached 7 feet 4½ inches in a meet in Moscow after doing only 6 feet 9 7/8 inches at Melbourne, was wearing a jumping shoe with a very thick sole (a his take-off foot). Other pictures disclosed that a second and even more sensational Soviet jumper, Yuri Stepanov, wore the same curious footwear. Stepanov, who was unable to make the Olympic team, emerged from mediocrity last month like a chorus girl hopping out of a paper cake—he jumped 7 feet one inch at Leningrad and broke Charlie Dumar's world record by one half inch.

The Russians, who were in London for a meet at White City Stadium, scoffed at the reports. So, for some obvious reasons, did their English hosts. British Team Manager Jack Crump said the whole thing was a "French hoax" and gravely warned an ordinary jumping shoe on television. But, as the photographs on these pages make clear, the Russians—who tied at 6 feet

11 inches in London—had used their mysterious shoes under his very nose.

Did they contain springs? Were they, as *L'Espresso's* special correspondent asked, delicately, "little trampolines?" Swedish High Jumper Bertil Holgren stated that they improved performance by four inches. The truth was less sensational. Kashkarov had worn the shoe in the Olympics, where nobody paid it the slightest heed. Its sole is a pad of red rubber about a half inch thick, with inner spikes. It is perfectly legal under the present easy-going rules—because nobody but the

Russians ever conceived of such a stunt; a jumper is at liberty to wear a sole four inches thick without violating the rules of international athletics. The improvement of both Russian jumpers can be ascribed in part to simple progress. But the shoe, almost certainly, does give a jumper some advantage in leverage and spring. It may—like the whirling Spanish javelin style—be soon outlawed. The International Amateur Athletic Federation, reacting to the Soviet discovery of a loophole in the rules, is preparing to investigate and "make a stand." (ENR)

WORLD-RECORD HOLDER Yuri Stepanov, who has jumped 7 feet one inch, lobes conventional canvas sneakers on his left foot, wears the elevated-sole affair on right foot.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GOREK DAVES

RUSSIAN JUMPER Igor Kashkarov, kneeling elevated-sole mystery shoe on take-off foot, his left, battles with British official.

HICKORY, DICKORY

by JEREMIAH TAX

IT WAS just a year ago that Johnny Simpson stopped off in Hanover, Pa., with something particular on his mind. He went to the office of Laurence Sheppard, president of the U.S. Trotting Association and the Hanover Shoe Co., and owner of the country's largest horse-breeding farm. Simpson used to manage the farm for Sheppard and still trains and drives the trotters and paces that Sheppard sends to the races.

"Boss," Simpson said, "have you ever thought of buying that colt of Mr. Brown's?"

"Yes," Sheppard said, "and never did anything about it. But I hear he hasn't looked too good lately."

"That's right," Simpson said, "but I still think he's as good a 2-year-old trotting colt as I've seen."

"You really want me to get him for you?" Sheppard said.

"Do it now," Simpson said.

Sheppard called Bowman Brown in Harrisburg, where Brown publishes *The Harrisburg Horse*, a weekly trade magazine.

"Brownie," Sheppard said, "I've got a crazy trainer here who thinks he can do something with that colt of yours. Would you consider selling him?"

"I might," Brown said. "What'll you pay?"

"No," Sheppard said, "we've been friends too long to do business that way. You set a price. If I don't like it, he's yours. No dickering."

"All right," Brown said. "Give me a minute to think."

At this point Archie Mudge, vice-president of Hanover Shoe, walked into Sheppard's office. Sheppard's back was to the door; he didn't see Mudge come in. Mudge didn't know who was on the other end of the line. He couldn't hear Brown's voice, of course; neither could Simpson.

Brown's voice came back.

"Would you pay \$15,000?" he said.

"You've just sold yourself a horse,"

Sheppard said.

"I want it," Mudge announced.

Sheppard put down the phone.

"O.K., Archie," he said. "You're in."

"Fine," Mudge said. "Where did we buy?"

"Hickory Smoke," Simpson said.

Last week, Sheppard and Mudge stood on the edge of the track near the paddock drawgate in Du Quoin, Ill. and watched Simpson drive Hickory Smoke in the Hambletonian, richest (\$111,126) race of the year in trotting. Both men are gray, wiry 50-year-olds; both were as skittish as yearlings under the first feel of a rope. They were out on the track, under a blazing sun, because they couldn't stand the confinement of their grandstand box seats. If permitted, they would have run along behind the field of horses, the better to catch every move. And what they saw that afternoon was a major triumph of the art of training a horse. Twenty-five thousand others watched too, but only a handful could have appreciated what Simpson had done.

In the months, and even weeks, before the race, people would watch Hickory Smoke train or race and say, "That sure doesn't look like a Hambletonian colt, let alone a Hambletonian winner." They were right. He wasn't. But what they didn't realize was that Hickory Smoke was not supposed to be a Hambletonian colt in July or August, or even on August 26. He had to be

on August 27 (see SE cover and Preview Aug. 19).

The day before the race Simpson, who would only smile and say nothing when he heard criticism of Hickory Smoke's performance, stood in front of Smoke's stall talking to a reporter.

"This colt is better today than he was last week," he said. "He'll be better tomorrow than he is today. And the chances are he won't be that good next week." Simpson was confident that he had correctly gauged the temperament and ability of his colt through months of patient handling. Smoke was ready for the absolute, peak performance of his career.

That's the way Johnny drove the colt the next day. They were confident drives. In the first heat Simpson was ninth at the half. Up to that point he couldn't have cared less about being shuffled so far back. He wasn't even trotting as close as he could to the horse immediately ahead of him. He had only two concerns and took care of both: he wanted to be sure he would have racing room when he made his move, and he wanted his colt covered up not more than two wide of the rail.

While a succession of horses chal-



GAILY SMILING Johnny Simpson, Ill. state Governor William Straton (right) present Hambletonian bowl to Smoke's owner.

ing Laurence Sheppard and Archie Mudge, Tall man wistfully smiling behind bowl is Bowman Brown, who sold Smoke to them.

...VICTORY!

Bought by phone and at a bargain price, Hickory Smoke took three straight mile heats to win the classic Hambletonian



IN FULL CONTROL ALL THE WAY, HICKORY SMOKE WINS THE TWO-HORSE RACE-OFF WITH HOOT SONG BY THREE-QUARTERS OF A LENGTH

lerged for the lead, Simpson kept his own pace and was still eighth at the three-quarter pole. He began to move midway through the far turn and rounded into the stretch in third place. Halfway through Du Quoin's magnificent final straightaway, Buckeye Demon, the colt Simpson knew he had to beat, was still in the lead. But then all the ground and energy Simpson had saved by not getting excited and scrambling for the front began to tell—as it had to. Smoke won by his handsome head, but going away, in 2:02 flat.

In the second heat Simpson was again far behind at the half—eighth directly behind Buckeye Demon and two wide. Up front the leaders were setting a fearful pace; they went that half in 59½ seconds.

And right then—with a full half mile to go—Buckeye's driver, Harrison Hays, made the decision that may have lost the race for him, and Johnny Simpson easily made the decision that won it. Hays pulled out three wide and took off like a shot. If Simpson had gone four wide and fought it out with

Buckeye Demon—a desperate temptation—he would have had a tiring horse in the stretch and would almost certainly have been beaten. He didn't go.

As it was, Buckeye made the front by the three-quarter pole. To do it he trotted that quarter in close to 25 seconds. Simpson still held; he held until it seemed to many that it was too late. But he came to the head of the stretch again in third place. He was a full length behind Buckeye Demon, but he looked over at him and at Cassin Hanover, who was between them, and he smiled. He admitted later that he knew then he had them both beaten—with an eighth of a mile to race. Under a firm but hardly frantic hand drive, Hickory Smoke gained ground steadily and won by three-quarters of a length in 2:40½. He had trotted the second- and fourth-fastest miles in Hambletonian history, but there was still one more to come.

The other two elimination heats had been won by Ralph Baldwin's filly Hoot Song. Now came the race-off between the two, with \$48,000 for

the winner and \$26,000 for the loser.

Of the soundness of Simpson's strategy in the race-off there can be no question. And though some may find fault with Baldwin's, such criticism is highly debatable at best and completely beside the point. Simpson had the stronger, better horse. He led all the way through a slow three-quarters of a mile, kept Baldwin outside through the far turn when he challenged, and won, with speed to spare if needed, by nearly a length. Simpson had worked and planned almost 12 months to get this kind of race from Hickory Smoke. It is a feat that places him among the very top as a trainer of trotting horses.

It cannot go unrecorded here that credit for this Hambletonian—the best-attended and best-staged ever—is due the brothers Gene and Don Hayes, owners of the Du Quoin Fairgrounds. State law prohibited betting during the week of the fair, but the Hayeses still attracted an overflow crowd. They have surely earned the right to keep this classic at Du Quoin for a long, long time.

—J.M.B.

THE OLD MUG AGAIN



After a summer of disheartening confusion, the news is official: three brand-new boats will be ready to defend the America's Cup. Here is the story of these boats and the roster of the men who have come forward to build them

by MORT LUND

TWO DECADES have passed since the majestic sloops known as the J boats spread their acres of gleaming canvas out under the sharp fall sun off Newport, R.I., to race for the most treasured sports trophy in history—the fanciful one known as the America's Cup (above). The return of the great race is now imminent—and once again the Old Mug will stand as a prize for the best skipper of the biggest out-and-out racing design in sailing. The excitement generated, even though the boats will be somewhat smaller than the huge J boats, may well be enough to send 50,000 spectators to sea to watch the battle off Newport as in prewar days. There is no doubt that the top sports story of September 1968 will be the Old Mug's revival.

The particular and enduring fascination of the America's Cup races is easy to explain. By the time they reached the starting line each J boat had cost its owner at least a half million dollars and sometimes a great deal more. They ran 125 feet long, carried enough canvas to cover half a football field and had masts that raked higher than the Brooklyn Bridge. And these boats were perishable stuff, outmoded by the time the next series rolled around. "They

had their fun and then they scrapped them," as one observer said.

With World War II, the day of the J boats was irreversibly past. Boat-building costs soared; racing craft in large sizes became far less popular than before. The America's Cup was almost forgotten. To many, its revival will seem a miracle.

THE FIRST STEP

The first step was to reduce the size of the class to be used in the races. Among others, Henry Sears, commodore last year of the New York Yacht Club, which holds the cup, was influential in persuading members that the tradition—which started in 1851 when the schooner *America* took the cup away from a fleet of British boats in the English Channel—could be honorably continued in smaller craft. Sears argued for an America's Cup series in the 70-foot, 12-meter class (see drawing on page 41) and won.

The British had been waiting for just such a decision. Over the 85 years of rivalry, British yachtsmen had spent more than \$20 million to recover the cup without once getting it back. They were, in the British tradition, anxious for another crack at it.

The Royal Yacht Squadron's challenge—promptly accepted—arrived last May. They announced that Britain was building a brand-new 12-meter, *Seymour*, to represent her.

Immediately there was an outbreak of impromptu conferences and meetings over here among those who could have been expected to raise part of the \$150,000 to \$250,000 needed to put a 12-meter into action. Several West Coast boat owners indicated interest. There was talk of a syndicate from Texas with oil money to spend, and of another group from the South which wanted to build a ship named *Arbol*. "The elimination to pick the American defender will have a fine nationwide flavor," said one yachtsman.

Nothing of the sort happened.

After two months, not a single new American 12-meter had become definite, and the reasons were not hard to find. Briggs Cunningham, an ex-12-meter skipper who had been expected to participate, put it very succinctly. "Frankly, the expense just appalls me," said Cunningham. "I'm not enthusiastic enough about the 12-meter to get that financially interested. I don't see any way you're going to get your money's worth."

"Suppose," he continued, "you don't get picked to defend the cup. What are you going to do with the boat? They could have taken the ocean racing rule and ironed it out for the America's Cup racing. When you get through with an ocean racer you still have a good cruising boat instead of an absolutely useless item."

Over in England a London newsman predicted gloomily that "the cup races still have one foot in the grave and one on a banana peel."

Even Sparkman and Stephens, the naval architects whom Sears, on his own hook, had retained to test hull models, began to wonder if they were testing for a ghost ship and if reviving the cup had been "all wrong."

Then what can only be called the influence of the America's Cup began to work. In late summer, syndicates suddenly started springing up like a fleet of sails appearing over the horizon.

In Rumson, N.J., Henry D. Mercer, chairman of the board of States Marine Lines, and two business associates, Cornelius Walsh of Spring Lake, N.J. and Arnold Fries of Greenwich, Conn., announced they were putting up the capital for a 12-meter and retaining Philip Rhodes to do the design.

In Boston, almost at the same time, Chandler Hovey, who skippered the *J* boat *Nisabow* in 1937, formed a syndicate (so far composed only of himself) and hired C. Raymond Hust to come up with plans for a 12-meter.

And finally, Henry Sears was in a position to give Sparkman and Stephens the assurance that their models would materialize into a ship. He had a syndicate to back him up now, with a member whose name was Briggs Cunningham.

"I did my best to keep out of this," said Cunningham, in explanation of his about-face, "but boats are not business. And Olin Stephens' design, which I think is potentially the fastest boat, by all odds, has the best chance."

Although Cunningham has not skippered a 12-meter since 1940, he has kept his hand in by winning national championships in the Atlantic class

continued on page 48

WORLD'S BIGGEST racing hulls, 12-meters like *Nisabow* will race for 1968 America's Cup.



SPECTACLE

Photographed by Richard Meek

HOT RIG DERBY

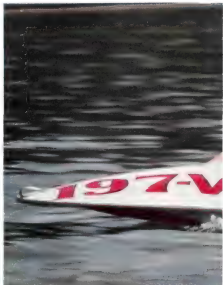
FOR THREE DAYS beginning September 7, the normal back-country quiet of the Wabash River just outside Mt. Carmel, Ill., will be shattered by the buzz of racing outboards like the runabouts at right, as more than 300 of the world's best drivers compete in the professional championships of the National Outboard Association. Perhaps the best known of the racers will be Bill Tenney, a blond, rawboned bachelor who has held more world records and national championships than anyone at Mt. Carmel. Tenney has a simple formula for success: get the best engine rig. To be sure of his engines, Tenney forks over up to \$1,000 per motor to Walter Blankenstein of Lakeland, Fla., who is a master at coaxing that extra ounce of compression out of a souped-up rig. At each race Tenney shows up with half a dozen of those engines, plus a trunkful of propellers. At the NOA, however, Tenney is going to have some rugged competition, especially in the Class A hydros, where he will be tackling World Champion Dennis Montgomery and Germany's Dieter König, both of whom will be using the new, German-made König engine, with which they swept Class A at the world championships in Louisiana last year. No one will be too surprised if Tenney wins in A; but another sweep of that class by the König engines would be news indeed and also, perhaps, a healthy competitive surprise to the makers of American racing outboards.

Getting there pure at 100 miles an hour, Ralph Heavenshaus (right), Sandford, Ill., cuts in toward the turning buoy to pick up previous yards on Inland Lexington. Left, Lake Village, Ark., in Tatum Trophy free-for-all on Wabash River





Roaring toward eastern at 45 mph, eight Class B hydroplanes (above) throw up white balls of spray as they rocket across smooth surface of Wabash River at Mt. Carmel, Ill. just after start of second heat of world championships. At right, Vern McGuren of Springfield, Ill. clamps his right hand on the wheel, left hand on throttle and leans far out to port to keep Class A hydro on an even keel as he slams into 55-mph turn.







Before a second tight turn, Miss Becker's Crest 3-series hydroboat flings up surface of spray, drenching and obscuring its one-pointed bow pointed by ridding close to bow. Below: Mack's cabin catches one of most explosive moments of wet as Hag Over's Class F hydro flips in dramatic but harmless spell.



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

SUGAR RAY CALLS THE TUNE • FIREARMS, CRIME AND SPORT •

THE UMPIRES' SOUNDING CONTINUED • ROOKIE WITH A BIG

BAT • SOUP STYLIST • LOWER THE CAMERA, RAISE THE GUN

SUGAR MARKET

THERE has never been a Wagner Act for prizefighters, and in this enlightened age most of them remain patient and obedient vassals of the manager and the promoter; they are considered muscular children and are expected to speak when spoken to, train hard, engage in combat when ordered and accept disappointing financial arrangements cheerfully. The fighter with temerity enough, or brains enough, to buck the system can expect to go hungry; even so great a champion as Rocky Marciano dumbly submitted to the whims of an Al Weill. But for years, Sugar Ray Robinson, a man of airy and daring selfishness, has beaten the rulers of boxing's outer world at their own slippery games; last week with consummate arrogance he put the squeeze on Jim Norris himself and made him spit dollars.

The middleweight champion's tirade gripped at Mr. Big's pocketbook concerned, of course, his upcoming battle at Yankee Stadium with Welterweight Champion Carmen Basilio. It began with a gesture that has made many a promoter's blood run cold before: Sugar quit training and publicly announced that the fight—which is expected to gross a million dollars—was off. Norris, he stated, had not consulted him in contracting for closed-circuit theater television with Theatre Network Television, Inc., despite an "ancillary" clause in his contract which, he said, gave him the right to participate in the deal. A competing company—Teleprompter Corporation—had offered him a minimum of \$250,000 (although it had offered none to Carmen Basilio) and he wouldn't move a muscle until he got it.

Norris seemed genuinely astounded. Most fighters, particularly at the age of 33, do not carp at million-dollar gates. Robinson had already demanded 40%

instead of 40% of the television returns, and had refused to sign in the first place until Basilio surrendered five of his 25%. The IBC had agreed to spread payment over three years to ease his tax problems. But Robinson was no less indignant for all that; Norris, he charged, had hurriedly signed with TNT even as he, Sugar, was clamoring for consideration of Teleprompter's offer. "I have telephoned Governor Harriman," he announced loftily. "This now deals with human rights." He added, darkly, that he was "absolutely not" training and later mused that he was being forced to take sleeping pills because of worry and strain.

Dramatically garbed in charred slacks and a white sport shirt edged in flinty gold thread, he appeared, with Norris and a gesturing gaggle of lawyers, before the New York boxing commission. Chairman Julius Helland refused to rule on "side agreements" and

suggested that Sugar seek redress in the civil courts, but made it plain that Sugar could not duck out on the fight. Robinson instantly restated his position: "I am not refusing to fight. If my health permits [Sugar has been known to sicken before financially unsuitable battles]; I will be ready, willing and able to fight. But if, on entering the ring, I see or hear of any television cameras . . . I'm walking right out of that ring."

When Norris fell ill of food poisoning a little later, however, and was lugged off to a hospital, Robinson reacted uncommonly like a man who sees an unopened money bag in danger of slipping into the ocean. "Don't worry, Jim," he said, soothingly, walking by the stretcher. "Everything will be all right." Doubtless those friendly words had less effect on Norris than painful memories of Robinson's sharp trading in the past—and, it seemed quite

continued

CURRENT WEEK AND WHAT'S AHEAD

• A View from the Realists

After Chicago's *Last Stand* (see page 10), the odds makers hastily made the Yankee 5-to-2 favorite to beat the Milwaukee Braves in the World Series and stopped taking mundane bets on them to win the league pennant. Hearty optimists ran, however, still got 8 to 1 on the White Sox.

• A View with Arms

In the top-of-the-page space the Chicago Tribune normally reserves for a 40-point boxing headline, there appeared last night—on Black Friday this tiny 14-point head: TANK GUNNIN IN 17TH HEATS BOX 2-1; SWEDEN BEATING. Beneath it, in the paper's smallest type was a whiffed Al Lopez quote: "WE'RE STILL IN THE RACE," to which the Trib glumly appended —HIS ARM WAS?

• Interlude in Mexico

Monterrey's Little League World Champions, greeted by 20,000 riotous fans at Mexico City's airport, surrounded by Mariachi bands and applauded by the president, did not, as scheduled, deposit their pennant at the foot of the altar of the Basilio de Guadalupe; they just couldn't give it up yet.

• Sport in Crime

The huge surpaan population of Hong Kong is being terrorized by skin-divers. Wearing grotesque masks, their bodies painted in many hues, they pop up, sink and disappear, leaving no footprints for baffled police.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

likely, some feeling that the IBC's legal position was less than unassailable. At any rate, after internal deliberations, TNT, Norco chosen to train, capitalized and offered Robinson a minimum guarantee of \$250,000 to be underwritten by the IBC. Robinson (through George Gairford—a manager he keeps as most managers keep fighters reduced to ineffectual and easily raised) declined to accept it and simply raised his demand to \$300,000. If this demand is confirmed, "spurred the IBC lawyer Sidney D. Freshman, 'the IBC will promptly bring an action ... for breach of contract.'"

Sugar was surprised: to his well-trained ears these angry sounds simply meant that the jackpot was almost ready to pay off. On the following afternoon, after a nine-day strike which will doubtless go down in boxing lore with the rape at Shelby, he permitted the IBC to guarantee him a television minimum of \$255,000 (Baillo, who had earlier termed him an "arrogant and greedy" man, automatically became the beneficiary of a \$110,000 minimum) or 41% of television returns—which ever is larger. Teleprompter Corporation was allowed to join TNT in televising the fight. Sugar Ray agreed, with princely good humor, to start training once more.

HEAR, HEAR

SOME MEN sat on a dais in an auditorium in Washington, D.C. last week, listening to speakers who rose and addressed them from what is normally the audience. The listeners were officials of the Treasury Department, whose Internal Revenue Service, Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division, makes regulations concerning interstate traffic in firearms and ammunition.

The bureaucrats were holding a public hearing on proposed changes in the regulations, and they heard plenty—from Senators, Congressmen, police officers and private citizens; and also from gun dealers, rifle associations, outdoor groups and dealers in antique guns. The hearing, scheduled to take place in a fairly large room, was moved to an auditorium in order to take care of the crowd.

The proposed changes include the requirement that a maker or importer stamp his name and address and a serial number on every firearm he handles; that dealers as well as manufacturers keep permanent records of the receipt and disposition of all firearms;

that similar records be kept on pistol and revolver ammunition; .22-caliber rim fire ammunition excepted; and that over-the-counter sales of firearms and pistol and revolver ammunition involve the buyer's signing his name to a permanent record.

These proposals, along with the original regulations (which date from 1939) are meant to help police trace firearms and ammunition in criminal cases; and attract the only people who stood up to speak in favor of the proposals were a few police officials. They were far outnumbered by the anti-regulation crowd, some 120 strong, who made the hearing as lively as a carnival with laughter, claps and applause.

They also made it perfectly serious with what they had to say. Adoption



and enforcement of the new rulings, the gun people said, would throw a costly burden of record-keeping on the manufacturers and retailers. They said the proposals would not accomplish their aim because criminals could find all sorts of easy loopholes. They said the nuisance value of the requirements would discourage law-abiding citizens from buying firearms. They said the right of the citizen to keep and bear arms, guaranteed in the Constitution, was being infringed.

The talk went on for two days, while the men from the Internal Revenue Service sat and listened. Then the public hearing ended, but the crowd will be kept open for 30 days so that anyone who wishes to contribute further suggestions may do so by writing. After that, the book will be closed and the technical writers of the Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division, keeping in mind all that was said at the hearing, will write the new regulations. If the hearing had any results either way, they will show up then.

BOUNCE AVERAGES (CONT.)

SOME OF THE PUBLICATION how about a month ago of the new baseball statistic—the Bounce Average of the major league umpires—some interesting facts have emerged along with the figures. For one thing, umpires seem to have slumps just like anybody else.

The early days of August saw only three pitchers ejected in both leagues. It was not until almost a fortnight of

this sort of thing that a good flow of ejected pitchers had been resumed. Now things seem to be back to normal with seven bouncers in 10 days that enabled the bouncers themselves in each league to hold comfortably to their first-place marks.

In the National, the Duroelle (umpiring) team beat the name of the senior member (shouted out Johnny Pajpas and Don Newcombe) by a run their total to 30 for a B.A. (percentage of all men bounced) of .368, a gain of three points. In the American, the Paparella likewise held on to the lead by beating Manager Paul Richards of Baltimore (Paul was also chased by the Summers outfit) and Coach Bob Swift of the Kansas City Athletics. The Ballantynes also bumped a manager, Fred Hutchinson of the Cardinals.

The American League standings remained unchanged with the Rommels, Summers and Berry following the Paparella in that order. In the National, the Ballantynes went into a second-place tie with the Germans with eight bouncers for a B.A. of .184. The Conlans remained in the cellar, trailing the first-place Duroelle by a full 23 bouncers. The Duroelle, it will be recalled, were accused by Billy Huggan of being the most thumb-happy umpires in the league. Billy was later given the Big Bounce as manager of Pittsburgh. By coincidence, the Braves haven't seen a thumb since.

FAST RIDE

A RUNNER, erratic force plays through baseball, somewhat as the jet stream does through the upper air. It may operate in other sports as well, but it isn't so noticeable. When it catches a baseball player up and takes him for a ride, he starts doing all-but-unbelievable things. The most recent passenger on this lightning express is a left-handed hitter named Bob Hulse, a quiet, easy-drawing young man from Columbia, S.C., who, at the end of July, was batting .275 as an outfielder for Wichita in the American Association. Then the Milwaukee Braves called him up, and toward the end of August he had 32 base hits in 61 at bats and was carrying, like a benevolent monkey on his back, the highest batting average in the majors: .325.

Nowadays, little boys, self-conscious and solemn, offer him their most treasured comic books to be autographed, with fountain pens that go only in one signature. His teammates call him Hurricane, in tribute to his power with

continued



"After all, everybody has a Vespa."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

a bat and perhaps in memory of the Hurricane Hazel that ripped up the Atlantic Seaboard a few seasons ago. For Bob Hase is a sudden and startling transition. Last winter he was selling real estate in Columbia, losing a troublesome knee injury, and wondering if he should give up baseball. He decided to try once more with Wichita this spring, and didn't start hitting until late in June.

"It's fantastic," he said, over a drug-store breakfast one day last week. He was talking about his whole situation, but mostly about the performance he has been turning in with his bat. "I'm just lucky. I'm just swinging, that's all. I know I can't keep going the way I have been. I don't expect to. I just hope I can keep hitting." Dressed in loafers, a sports jacket and the kind of shirt that doesn't need a tie, Hase looks more like a knowledgeable and well-behaved minor league fan than a sensational major league hitter.

Now 26, Hase has been in the minors since 1950, with two years out for military service. He has played for Columbia, Tulsa, Indianapolis, Nashville, and Wichita. Cincinnati called him up late in 1955 and he played six games with the Reds before the season ended. Last year Cincinnati, making a trade with Milwaukee, threw him in more or less for good measure. What very good measure it was didn't appear until recently, when Hase became another of the many blessings that Milwaukee loves to count.

He has a wife back in Columbia, but she keeps close to home with their 3½-year-old son and has never seen her husband play with the Braves. She hopes to, though, whether Hase continues to ride his 500-plus hit stream or drops back to rejoin the merely mortal.

M. DIAT

STYLE, whether it is exhibited by Vinegar Bend Mizell or the Duchess of Windsor, is not a matter of easily display but of balance and harmony. It can be achieved with the simplest of materials. Last week a man died who achieved it with simple ingredients indeed: he took the leak and the potato, and invented vichyssoise.

M. Louis Diat was born in France and learned to cook there; but nevertheless, vichyssoise is an American dish. That came to New York in 1910 to be chef de cuisine at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, and he kept the job from the

day the hotel opened, shortly after his arrival, to the day it closed, in 1951. He devised vichyssoise in the summer of 1917, a cold, thick, savory soup which, even toward the wilted end of summer, can make an appetite seem worth having after all. Actually, it was a refinement of the potato soup M. Diat's mother made when he was a boy.

In the 1930s there was a movement at the Ritz-Carlton to translate the French menu into English, on the theory that depressed-income diners would spend more money if they knew what they were getting. M. Diat was, in his artist's way, cooperative. He allowed the name of his soup to be changed from *Crème Vichyssoise Glacée* to *Crème Vichyssoise Glacée*.

M. Diat invented many other dishes too (Chicken Gloria Swanson, for instance), but his white soup was the most famous of them all. As a contribution to the welfare of mankind, his recipe will outlast monuments of stone. Here it is:

4 REFINED REFINANCE RECIPE

- 1 leek, white part
- 1 onion, onion
- 2 ounces sweet butter
- 6 medium potatoes
- 1 quart water or chicken broth
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 2 cups milk
- 2 cups onion cream
- 1 cup heavy cream

Directions:

Finely slice the white part of the leek and the onion and brown very slightly in the sweet butter, then add the potatoes, also sliced finely. Add water or broth and salt. Boil from 35 to 40 minutes. Crush and

rub through a fine strainer. Return to fire and add 2 cups of milk and 2 cups of onion cream. Season to taste and bring to a boil. Cool and then rub through a very fine strainer. When completely cold, add the heavy cream. Chill thoroughly before serving.

And experience a triumph of style which cools the palate as it warms the heart.

CHAMPION'S ADMISSION

THE 100-target handicap event of the Great American trapshoot at Vandellia, Ohio is, in its relatively unpublished way, the equivalent of the U.S. Open in golf, the heavyweight championship, the Rose Bowl and the World Series. It is, in short, The Big One. And like all big ones, it has its traditions. No one has ever won it twice; the winner is usually an "unknown." And who is more unknown than an unknown trapshooter?

This year the title went to Carmi Russell Crawford, the 54-year-old president of the Chicago-Rite Co. (recreational playing) of Chicago. He has been coming to Vandellia for 20 years and he reported proudly that he'd "never won a nickel here before, not even a trophy." This year his victory was worth roughly 140,000 sticks (\$7,000) and he won them the hard way. He broke 58 of 109 targets in the regular competition; he did three other shooters. So he had to wait around for a shootoff, feeling like "a ten on eggs all day." He then proceeded to break all 25 birds in the shootoff to win the title. This so elated him that he decided to stay on in Vandellia overnight instead of heading back to Chicago (immediately, as he had planned).

Crawford is not a consistent shooter (three weeks before Vandellia he broke only 67 of 100 targets at his home club in Chicago's Lincoln Park) and he is not a regular traveler on the big-time shooting circuit—a diversion which can easily cost a man \$25,000 a year. He does shoot in some of the larger mid-western meets and, of course, he makes the annual pilgrimage to Vandellia.

But the winner of the 1957 Great American made a somewhat engaging admission: trapshooting, on which Crawford spends some \$5,000 a year in travel expenses, entry fees and shells—is not really his favorite sport nowadays. He has come to prefer skin-diving and underwater photography. He is as proud of some shooting he did around Bimini recently as he is of that he did at Vandellia. The Bimini shots amounted to 2,000 feet of color film. They are irreconvertible into sticks.



STRETCHING BIRDIE

The hazards of golf
He has found to be grim;
When he tried for an eagle
He broke his skin.

—CHARLES K. HALL



Play Away, Gentlemen

All roads lead to Boston for the U.S. Amateur, the precarious match-play tournament which is the traditional last rose of the summer golf season.

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

THERE WORKS a fairly bizarre phenomenon is taking place: a group of 1,592 serious-faced young men from all corners of the nation is converging on Boston, yet culture is the last thing on their minds. They are the qualifiers for the 57th U.S. Amateur Championship, which will be held next week (Sept. 9-14) at The Country Club in Brookline, and if they are serious it is understandable: the Amateur is a match-play elimination tournament composed of six rounds of precarious 18-hole matches preceding the 36-hole semifinals and final, and providing no snack on his game and his putter is parring. Monday's unknown upset can be quickly metamorphosed into Friday's favorite.

It takes more than a very good player, it takes quite a great player to be somewhat invulnerable to the high fatality rate of the Amateur. Such a golfer was Harvie Ward, the convivial Carolinian, who won both the 1955 and 1956 championships to become the first man to score successive victories in the Amateur since Lawson Little was triumphing out the vintage back in the '30s. Ward, however, will not be on hand to defend his title, having been suspended from amateur competition for one year when the U.S. Golf Association adjudged last June that he had accepted illegal travel expenses to several tournaments. With Ward absent, there will be no one outstanding favorite but five men in particular will bear watching: Billy Joe Patton, the

eloquent lumberman, low amateur in this year's Open; Rex Baxter, currently the Trans-Mississippi and Intercollegiate champion; young Joe Campbell, the Indiana towhead, a semifinalist last year and a dogged match player; Bill Campbell from West Virginia, winner of the Mexican and the North and South championships this season; and Dr. Bud Taylor, a dentist from southern California, a very impressive shotmaker who was tied for low amateur in the 1957 Masters.

Every unknown in the field at The Country Club will be drawing strength and inspiration from the ever-present realization that it was on this course some 44 years ago that Francis Ouimet, a virtually unknown 20-year-old amateur, achieved the most stunning upset victory in all golfing history when he outplayed those two giants of British golf, Harry Vardon and Ted Ray, in the 1913 Open (see page 31). Before Francis' epochal triumph, golf was viewed by most Americans as a fitting plaything for the rich and fragile. Francis' victory singlehandedly paved the way for golf's development into a great democratic sport, the game which today is played by 5 million Americans from all walks of life.

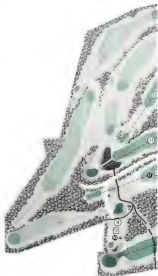
TURN PAGE FOR MAP OF COURSE
ON WHICH AMATEUR WILL BE HELD

Back to The Country

Next week a historic Boston institution, this year celebrating its 75th anniversary, will be host for the fourth time to the U.S. Amateur championship

IT IS a country club and it lies in the town of Brookline (on the outskirts of Boston) and so careless people sometimes refer to it as the Brookline Country Club. Anyone who makes this error in the presence of a club member who has had a bad day with the boom on the curling rink is guaranteed to know better henceforth. It is The Country Club. It is The Country Club for a perfectly logical reason. When it was founded in 1882, it was the first deep-in-the-country institution of its kind to come into existence: "... the general idea," as went the original invitation to prospective members, "is to have a comfortable club-house for the use of members with their families, a simple restaurant, bed-rooms, bowling-alley, lawn tennis grounds, and so on; also to have rare-meetings and, occasionally, music in the afternoon. . . ." What no one appreciated at the time was that this conception of a rural headquarters for sporting and social recreation—a conception native to America, incidentally—would prove to be so popular that similar country clubs would spring up by the hundreds across the breadth of the United States and, by the '20s, quite transform the social habits and attitudes of well-to-do Americans.

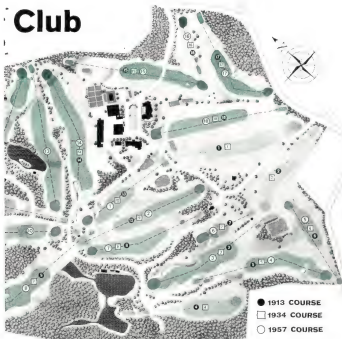
Golf in time became the sport at The Country Club, one of the five clubs which banded together in 1894 to found the United States Golf Association. Besides serving as the venue for the famous Open of 1913, the club was host to the Amateur in 1910, 1922 and 1934, the Walker Cup match of 1903 and the Women's Amateur in 1902 and 1941. In this present era of ever-advancing equipment and souped-up balls, courses quickly became obsolete and today the 6,435-yard layout over which the Amateur was played in 1934 would be decidedly too short to provide a suitable championship test. The Country Club, fortunately, has long possessed 37 holes. Adroit resorting by the Championship Committee (headed by Charley Devere, the old Harvard and Yankee pitcher) seated for the 1957 Amateur a course which employs three lengthy "new" holes (from the extra nine) and measures some 6,845 yards, which is certainly long enough. On the accompanying study map, the 1957, 1934 and 1913 layouts are all delineated, and the reader will find it of great assistance in following the story of Francis Ouimet's 1913 victory, which changed the course of American golf.



**THE COUNTRY CLUB
BROOKLINE, MASS.**

Turn to page 31 for the story of the 1913 Open

Club

[illegible]



ON 18TH GREEN AT THE COUNTRY CLUB, WHERE HE MADE GOLF HISTORY 44 YEARS AGO, FRANCIS OUIMET LINES UP A PUTT

FRANCIS OUIMET TODAY

OVER the years, appreciating the monumentality of Francis Ouimet's achievements in golf, people have tried to treat him as a monument. They have never gotten very far. The role of the idol has never had any appeal for Francis. He is a player, always has been and always will be—a man who finds what he wants in the direct and satisfying pleasure of the game of golf itself. Today at 64, a stockbroker in

the Boston office of Benson Brothers Harriman, Francis has to limit his golf to about a round a week because of back trouble, but he still plays in the middle 70s with the same loose swing, the same old verbs. His influence goes quietly marching on. For example, the Ouimet Club's Scholarship Fund, founded by his friends and admirers, has since 1949 aided some 375 young men to procure a college education.

The Shots Heard Round the World

Francis Ouimet's dramatic and significant victory in the 1913 Open is told by

Herbert Warren Wind in this chapter taken from The Story of American Golf.

It is reprinted through the courtesy of the publishers, Simon and Schuster, Inc.

WHEN the peerless Harry Vardon came to America, something of great consequence inevitably happened. Vardon made his second tour of this country in 1913, with the backing of Lord Northcliffe, the owner of the London Times. For his series of exhibition matches, Vardon had in Edward "Ted" Ray the ideal partner, a perfect Pythias for their fourball matches and a dramatically long hitter both to attract galleries.

Ray and Vardon interrupted their tour in mid-September to play in the National Open, held at The Country Club. Two other European professionals were in the field assembling at Brookline: Wilfred Reid from Bournemouth in England and the distinctive French star, Louis Toller. Johnny McDermott was primed to defend his title, and Mike Brady, Tommy McNamara, and Jerry Travers, among the homebreds, and MacDonald Smith and Jim Barnes, among the semi-Americans, were on hand for what loomed as the most turbulent tournament ever staged in this country.

The 1913 Open was the big league, the big test for American golf, no question about it. The United States had demonstrated that it could hold its own in international sports respectively by defeating teams representing Great Britain in tennis, yachting, and polo, but was it still too early to hope for a declaration of independence on the golf course? It could be done, of course. McDermott had confessed to his countrymen that he was just as good as Vardon, and Brady and McNamara knew The Country Club course by heart. Yet when Americans weighed the solid talents of the native-

bore players against the furious talent of Ray and the genius of Vardon, they reluctantly concluded that it would probably take another few years.

At the end of 34 holes, Vardon, Ray and Francis Ouimet were tied for the lead at 225. Ouimet had caught the two favorites with a round of 74, but no man in his right mind could expect the inexperienced amateur to stand up to the enormous pressure of the last round of a major tournament. Reid had blown sky-high. Toller had not made up enough ground. Hagen, Smith, Barnes, and McDermott would have to play subpar golf to catch the leaders, and the sudden condition of the course definitely argued against such a hopeful contingency.

Ray was the first one of the leaders to finish his fourth round. He had taken a 79 on the rain-soaked course and would have to stand by at 304 and see how his rivals fared. One by one they faded. Vardon struggled home in a 79 which was only good enough for a tie with Ray. Harry's putting, his old Achilles' heel, had let him down. Back to the clubhouse over the grapevine came the news that Barnes' rally had petered out. Hagen and Smith were done too. Toller had a fighting chance until he reached the 12th, and then he had cracked wide open. Simultaneously the report came in that Ouimet, the one man left who could catch Vardon and Ray, had gone to the turn in 43 and had killed off what slim chance remained for him by taking a 5 on the short 10th. To get his 304 now, Francis would have to play the last eight holes in one under even par, and under the circumstances that was asking for the impossible. The young

man deserved all the credit in the world for sticking with the Englishmen as long as he did.

Ouimet did not think he was finished. Even when he had taken a 5 on the par-4 12th after getting his par on the 11th, he did not give up the fight. On the 13th tee he figured out that he would now have to play the last six holes in 22 strokes, 3 under par, to gain a tie. He went over the six holes in his mind and selected the 13th and the 16th as the ones on which he had the best chance to pick up the two birdies he needed. He had been putting for 3's regularly on the 13th, a short par

continued



FRANCIS AT 20, WEEK OF THE OPEN

Quimet

continued

4; the 16th was a relatively easy par 3, but Francis had not gotten a decent there all week and had a hunch that this could be the time.

Francis got his birdie on the 13th, but had to hole a chip from the edge of the green to do it. On the 14th, he got his par 5 comfortably enough. He hit a nice drive on the 15th, a testing par 4, and then completely unhit his approach. To stay in the hunt, Francis had to get down in two from a snug lie in the rough, and did this by playing a superb chip-shot less than a yard from the pin. He came to the short 16th, the hole he had a hunch he might birdie. His hunch was wrong. Francis had to sink a nine-foot putt to get his par.

AN ICICLE JUMP

To the men, Quimet was faced with bagging that all-important birdie on either the 15th, a dogleg to the left or on the 16th, a somewhat lengthier par 4. The gallery appreciated as clearly as the boy himself the full size of that task. There was an almost tangible tension in the air as Francis followed his drive down the 17th with a jigger-shot some 20 feet past the pin. On the green the young man did not flinch or pose. He looked over the sliding downhill putt, and concentrating so intently that he did not hear the roar of automobile horns that unnered the gallery, stroked the ball boldly for the cup. The ball took the roll nicely, slipped rapidly down the slope, struck the back of the cup hard, and stayed in. The keyed-up spectators craned around the 17th green could not control themselves. They yelled, pummed each other joyously, waved their friends with umbrellas, and shouted delicious phrases they had not thought of since boyhood. Jerry Travers, the icicle himself, jumped three feet in the air. The stirring battle of the hometown David against the two Goliaths had cut deeper into their memories than the gallery had been aware.

Francis Quimet was the culmest man on the course as he walked to the 18th tee. He needed a 4 now to tie Ray and Vardon. He forgot about everything else but getting that 4. His drive was satisfactory, straight and long enough. He hit his second shot accurately and saw it kick up the mud on the soft bank in front of the green. His chip-shot left him five feet short of the cup. Then, with a complete disregard for the feelings of the spectators, he stepped up to his putt as if he had not

the vaguest idea that history was riding with that shot. He placed his putter in front of the ball once, took a look at the hole, and hit the ball firmly into the back of the cup.

The moment the ball entered the hole, the rarefied air of The Country Club was filled with a mass cheer and individual outbursts like that of school for pure spontaneity and heartfelt joy have never been equaled on any golf course. The impossible and the fantastic had happened, and the spectators felt it in the pits of their stomachs. In what was a positive ecstasy, they mobbed their hero and hoisted him on their shoulders and might have done him physical damage with their demonstrations of affection and congratulations had some cool head not reminded them that Francis Quimet had to play off the next morning with Harry Vardon and Ted Ray.

Americans turned to their newspapers the following morning and read about the incredible accomplishment of Francis Quimet. Outside of Massachusetts, no one had ever heard of him. Who was this Quimet? What had he done before? How was that name pronounced? *Quimet* or *Quint* or *Wintons* or what?

The name was pronounced Weemmet. In time the country received answers to the other questions and learned that its hero was 18-10th a hero, compounded from the very best parts of Charles Dickens and Booth Tarkington with a touch of Horatio Alger.

When Francis Quimet was starting grade school, his father moved the family from a thinly populated section of Brookline to a modest house he had bought across the street from The Country Club. Mr. Quimet was a workman with no interest in golf, and had it not been for the proximity of the course his sons might have emulated their childhood enthusiasm in other channels. Francis first walked the fairways as a trespasser, on his way to and from the Putterman School. On these walks he found a few gutta-percha now and then—Silvertowns, Oosbos, Vardon Flyers, Henleys, and



STROLLING ALONG the fairway during the playoff, then as a 1, followed by his father, the year old Eddie Lowery.

the other popular brands of 1909.

Shortly after Francis' older brother, Wilfred, had become a caddy at The Country Club, a member had given him one of his old sticks. While Wilfred was off raking, Francis practiced swinging with the club. He watched the tournaments across the street, and whenever he saw someone play an exceptionally good shot, he photographed the golfer's form in his mind's eye and then rushed home to try out the swing himself. Wilfred was uneasy about the game as Francis. It was his idea that they convert the land behind their house into three golf holes—slightly more primitive than Jerry Travers' triangle-sure they took in a gravel pit, a swamp, a brook, and patches of long rough grass. The first hole was 150 yards long, with a brook crossing the "fairway" about 100 yards from the tee. The second was a 50-yard pitch, and the third was a combination of the first and second played backwards. The boys built themselves some greens, and sank tomato cans for their cups.

When Francis was 11, he followed Wilfred to The Country Club as a caddy. During the big tournaments he saw his heroes at close range—Chandler Egan, Jerry Travers, Fred Herreshoff, Walter J. Travis, Alex Smith, Willie Anderson. He loved the atmosphere of the golf course, and the members

were fond of the bright, easycare bag. One day after Francis had caddied for Samuel Carr, Mr. Carr gave him four old clubs from his locker—a driver with a leather face, a loftie, a midiron, and a putter. Nothing could stop him now. He got up at 4:30 or five in the morning and practiced on the big course until the greenkeepers shoos him off. These early-morning sessions didn't satisfy the boy's hunger for golf, and occasionally on Saturdays Francis and a school friend would spend the whole day on the nine-hole public course at Franklin Park. One Saturday the boys played 54 holes and would have gone on indefinitely had the light permitted.

In the summer of 1968 when Francis was 15 and about to enter Brookline High, he turned up for the Greater Boston Intercollegiate Championship. The officials told him he was not eligible to play since he was not attending high school, but the boy argued that he didn't see why he couldn't represent the school he was going to enter in the fall, and won his point. He qualified with an 85, but was eliminated in the first round by J. H. Sullivan. He later married Sullivan's sister.

A BIG START

In 1916 the National Amateur was scheduled to be played at The Country Club and Francis decided to enter. To be eligible for the Amateur, a golfer had to be a member of a recognized golf club. Francis applied for a junior membership at the Woodland Golf Club. He prevailed on his mother to advance him the \$25 it cost to join, and paid her back with the money he earned while working that summer for \$4 a week in a Boston drygoods store. Francis failed to qualify by one stroke in the Amateur that year, and was dogged by that same one-stroke margin when he tried the Amateur again in 1911 and 1912. Around Boston, though, he soon established himself as one of the up-and-coming young golfers. In 1912 he marked the final of the Massachusetts State Amateur where Helme Schmidt, the well-known man, defeated him. In 1913 when the State Amateur was played at Wollaston, Francis won it. In his semi-final match against John G. Anderson, he went completely berserk on the last six holes, playing them in 2-3-3-3-3-3, six under par. In addition to his astonishing natural ability, Francis had a quality even rarer among young athletes: he used his head. He learned something from every match he lost, and from

(continued)



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Guimet

outfitted

some matches he won. He did not copy the mannerisms of other players and allowed his admirable competitive temperament to develop unforced. He knew himself.

In 1913, in his fourth try, he succeeded in qualifying for the National Amateur and gave Jerry Travers a good match in the semi before bowing on the 54th green. The Open was scheduled for The Country Club, but Francis did not plan to play. He had to be talked into entering by Robert Watson, the president of the USGA. Once entered, the boy had achieved the impossible, tied the unbeatables, Vardon and Ray.

The circumstances of the play-off and its outcome made it the most momentous round in the history of golf. Embellishment would only obscure the drama. The full impact of the historic match comes through if the story is told simply, stroke by stroke, hole by hole—the way it happened.

After tying with Harry Vardon and Ted Ray, Francis Guimet went home and took a bath. He went to bed at 9:15 and slept until eight. He ate a light breakfast, and then walked to The Country Club and hit some practice shots out to his 16-year-old caddy, Eddie Lowery. The shots felt fine. Johnny McDermott, who had watched Francis practice, took him by the arm and said, "You are hitting the ball well. Now go out and play no attention whatsoever to Vardon and Ray. Play your own game." Francis promised Johnny he would do his best. A few minutes before 10 he joined the Englishman on the first tee for 18 holes of medal play.

In the tee beside the first tee, the three contestants drew straws to determine who would have the honor of hitting first. Francis drew the longest straw, and teed up. He was nervous but got off well. Vardon and Ray also hit good drives. As the players walked down the first fairway, they were followed by a gallery that swelled to 3,500 as the match progressed. Thirty hours of rain had turned the low stretches of the course into a quagmire, and a drizzle was still coming down, but this was a match that even the old and the gutsy had to see for themselves.

The first hole at The Country Club was a lengthy 430-yard par 4, and under the seeping conditions only Ray had a chance of reaching it in two. Ray, however, pushed his second into the mounds off to the right of the green,



AT CLIMAX OF OPEN played in 1913, Francis Guimet (far left) lines up crucial approach putt as opponents, Harry Vardon and Ted Ray, lean on their putters and watch.

and had to be satisfied with a 5 when the wet grass held up his chip. Vardon took a 5, and Francis got his when he holed a three-footer. That putt was very important. The instant it dropped, Francis lost all sense of "awe and excitement."

Guimet was down the middle with his tee-shot on the second. So was Vardon. Ray's timing was still off, and he again pushed his drive, into the rough just off the fairway. All three played orthodox pitches to the green, and all got their 4's.

A TROUBLESOME OAK

On the third, a teeing two-shotter measuring 431 yards, Guimet and Vardon were again nicely down the fairway, Francis 16 yards in front. Ray once more was off to the right. Vardon was on with his second. Francis followed him on with a well-played midiron. Ray's line to the pin was blocked by a big oak tree, and he elected to play an intentional fade into the green. The shot did not quite come off as Ted had planned it, but it kicked off the slope on the left and onto the corner of the green about 40 feet above the cup. Ray was left with a difficult downhill putt which he stroked five feet short of the hole. He missed the short putt and went one stroke down to Guimet and Vardon who made their 4's.

To make certain he got his ball up quickly enough to clear the abrupt rise in front of the fourth tee, Guimet used a wooden cleft with a small head and narrow face. He got the results he wanted. Vardon, as usual, was down

the fairway. Ray pulled his drive off to the left, over-correcting his error off the first three tees. None of the players were attracted to the cross-bunker cutting across the fairway 30 yards short of the long, low green. All three played tidy pitches to the green and went down in two putts for their 4's.

The fifth proved to be a very interesting hole. On this long par 4, a player drove from an elevated tee and tried to keep well away from the woods hugging the right-hand side of the fairway. On his second shot, which on wet turf was a bransie or spoon for even the good golfer, he avoided the pot bunker to the right of the green, if he could. He worried about the green slanting from right to left, when he got there. All in all, a very tough par 4—429 yards long. Guimet, still up, continued his steady driving. Vardon was a little behind the amateur but down the middle, too. Ray was off to the left again in the high grass. His second was short of the green. Vardon cut his bransie a shade too much and was off on the right. Guimet also elected to play a bransie. The ball streaked crazily off to the right and crashed into the overhanging branches of the trees—out-of-bounds. It was the first error the young amateur had made. Had the shot been just a little awry, Francis might have started to worry about what he had done wrong. Fortunately, it was such a totally bad shot that Francis was able to dismiss it immediately. He didn't alibi to himself that his hands had slipped on the wet shaft, nor did he change his

club. While the gallery was speculating on the effect his loose shot would have on Quimet, he dropped another ball quickly over his shoulder and played his third without the briefest hesitation. It was a ringing brassie that ended up on the edge of the green. Quimet got down in two feet there, and came out of the hole with a 3. When Vardon and Hay both needed a chip and two putts, Quimet had gained a halve and a valuable psychological boost. His opponents had failed to capitalize on the opening, and this reinforced Quimet's confidence in his ability to keep pace with them. Vardon and Ray were not infallible. Then, too, he felt that he had been lucky when that second shot had ended up out-of-bounds, for if he had been forced to play it out of the bush, he might have dropped several strokes to par instead of just the one.

The sixth was a shortball four uphill, the sort of hole on which a player might well pick up a birdie. All three were down the middle, with Hay, straight for the first three, the longest. Vardon played first and sent an elegant little pitch close to the cup. Quimet and Ray could not match it. They two-putted for their 4's, and when Vardon sunk his putt for a birdie 1, he went into the lead, one stroke in front of Quimet, two in front of Ray.

It was Ray's turn at the seventh. None of the three were on the green on this stern one-shotter. Ray and Quimet were both short—Francis had played him down—and Vardon, though nearer the pin, was in the high grass fringing the left side of the green. Francis went 12 feet by with his chip and Vardon was even stronger. They missed their putts for 3's and lost a stroke to Ray who had played a brilliant run-up. Ray had now drawn back on even terms with the American and was only one stroke behind Vardon.

There wasn't much to choose among the drives on the eighth. The players were left with approaches of about 140 yards from the valley at the foot of the incline on which the large green was perched. Quimet played a maulie, and the wild shout of the spectators gathered around the green told him that the shot was near the cup. Absolutely stone-dead, Eddie Lowery, too easily, thought. Francis wanted to think so too, but as they walked up the hill, he guarded against disappointment by reminding himself that approaches which looked stony from a distance often turned out to be 10 or 15 feet away . . . But it was dead,

continued

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Quimet

continued

18 inches from the hole. Francis got his birdie, but Ray matched him by rolling in a curving 35-footer. Vardon got his 4. Now, after eight holes of play, Vardon, Ray and Quimet were tied at 33 strokes apiece.

Ray was feeling better now. He had picked up two strokes on Vardon and one on Quimet on the last two holes, and his length gave him the best chance of snagging a birdie on the ninth, a 520-yard par 5 which dropped from an elevated tee into a flatland crossed by a brook 380 yards out and then broke sharply up to a well-trapped green. Ray played his tee-shot down the right-hand side of the fairway which gave him the shortest line to the green if he was going to try to get home in two. Francis declined to press and was comfortably down the middle. After Vardon had hit, Ray commented, "Nice shot, Harry"—the only words which were passed between the Englishman during the round, as Quimet remembers it. Actually, Vardon's drive was not a nice shot. It was off-line, remarkably off-line for Vardon, and his lie in the rough made it necessary for him to play his second safe, short of the brook. Ray had to forego any ideas he might have had about putting everything into his second in an attempt to reach the green when he found that his drive had ended up in a close lie on sloping ground. He played a regulation 5, on in three and down in two, as did Quimet. Vardon had to work harder for his 5, but he got it by hitting his midiron third close to the green and chipping up for one putt.

Everything had happened and yet on the scorecard nothing had happened. All three were out in 38.

They started in. Ray, Quimet and Vardon, in that order, put their iron shots onto the Redan-type green of the 140-yard tenth. Quimet was nearest the pin. The Englishmen were about 35 feet away, with Vardon's lie to the cup obscured by the hole his ball had dug when landing on the soft green. Harry three-putted. Ray also three-putted. Francis got his 3 and for the first time in the match he was out in front.

Vardon and Ray both had chances to get that stroke back on the eleventh, a 380-yarder, but they missed holeable putts for their 5's and halved with Quimet in 4.

Quimet had been outdriving Vardon regularly, and on the twelfth he outdrove Ray as well. The approach to the

twelfth green was not blind, but the green lay at the bottom of a contoured slope, and this made for a certain difficulty in judging the distance to the pin. Quimet was the only one to get home in two; he hit a superb mashie 10 feet from the cup. Vardon was short, halfway down the slope, and Ray was down the embankment to the left. The Englishmen could do no better than 5's. Quimet was timid on his try for his birdie but his comfortable par increased his lead to two strokes.

THE PRESSURE MOUNTS

On the thirteenth, the short par 4 on which Quimet had picked up a birdie the day before, all three were on in two—Ray on the edge, Vardon about nine feet away, and Quimet just inside Vardon. Ray made a fine bid for a 3 with his long putt. Vardon holed his nine-footer. Quimet missed his. Vardon was now only one stroke behind Quimet, the perfect position for the experienced campaigner with five hard holes left. On the long fourteenth, however, Vardon played poorly although he got his par 5. He hooked his drive into the rough, and after an adequate recovery, hooked his mashie third. This was not like Harry. If he didn't hit his irons perfectly straight, he faded them. Linde Fowler, the pioneer golf reporter, had not been looking for indications that Vardon was feeling the pressure, but Harry had hit that hooked approach so uncharacteristically that Linde could only deduce that Vardon was becoming worried. Quimet apparently was not. He topped his brassie second on the fourteenth—his first poor shot since the fifth—but he put his third confidently onto the green as if he had already forgotten his second. The young man's poise was amazing. On one hole, when a member of the gallery had stupidly buttonholed him between shots, and asked for some advice on his own golf troubles, Quimet had patiently answered the intruder's questions. Ray seemed to be getting restless about his inability to do the things he wanted to do. He also played the fourteenth badly, pushing his second far to the right, but he took advantage of a lucky opening to the green and also got his 5. Three pars on the scorecard.

Ray finally went on the fifteenth, the par 4 over the hill and across the drive. Ted's tee-shot was headed for the rough on the right when it hit a spectator's derby and rebounded onto the fairway. (The spectator was incensed and left the play-off then and there.) Ray, however, did not take

advantage of this break. He underlashed himself on his second, and his soaring mashie thudded into a trap. He took two to get out, and only a good putt prevented him from taking a 7. But Ray's 6 put him 4 strokes behind Quimet and 3 behind Vardon—who had taken 1's—and with only three holes remaining. Ted was out of it. . . . On this hole, Vardon, who never smoked on a golf course, lighted a cigarette.

On the short sixteenth, Vardon and Quimet got their 3's. Ray three-putted carefully for a 4. He had given up the fight.

They came to the seventeenth, the 380-yard dogleg to the left, with Quimet still protecting his one-stroke lead over Vardon. It was still Vardon's honor. Harry elected to play his drive close to if not over the corner, a risky shot but he had decided that the time had come to gamble and wanted to be in a position after his drive to attack his approach very close to the pin. That drive proved to be Vardon's undoing. His right hand got into the shot too much, and he hooked into the bunker in the angle of the dogleg. From his lie in the bunker Vardon could not go for the green and was forced to play out to the fairway. He put his third on, but not stone-dead. He had to take a 5. Francis had driven straight down the fairway to about the same spot from which he had played his jigger approach the day before. This time he selected his mashie—and hit a lovely shot 18 feet past the hole. His long-shafted, narrow-blade putter had not let him down all morning, and now he called on it to get him down safely in two putts for the 4 which would give him that valuable insurance stroke over Vardon. He tapped the ball over the slippery downhill grade . . . and holed it.

Francis now held a three-stroke lead on Vardon as they came to the home-hole. He did not let up. His drive was down the middle, his second on. His approach putt, however, left him with a good four-footer for his 4. As Francis lined up his putt, he realized for the first time that he was going to win, and with that awareness the astounding calmness that had sheathed him from the first hole on instantly disappeared. The boy felt himself shivering all over. He steadied himself as best he could, and made the putt. It was quite irrelevant that Vardon had taken a 6 and Ray a birdie 3.

The crowd who had staggered around the course in the drizzle, worn out from playing every shot with Quimet, still staggered by the boy's nerveless poise

and his brilliant golf, roled around the eighteenth green and the clubhouse in the silent, stupor many of them ever experienced in their lives. They recalled the great shots the new champion had played—that brute to the fifth green after he had knocked his first out-of-bounds, that maul to the eighth and that equally fine maul to the twelfth, that conclusive putt on the deadly seventeenth which put more money than any other single shot was the one heard round the world. In the Englishmen's party there was no runner. Bernard Darwin, the Englishman who became the greatest of all golf writers, had been scoring for Hurmet during the play-off. Naturally, Darwin had been hoping that one of his countrymen would win, if he played the better game. By the seventeenth hole, when it seemed as if Hurmet would do it, Darwin had stopped hoping for a comeback by Vardon. The son, middle-aged youngster had played the better game, and Darwin rooted him on with all his heart. Vardon and Ray, though disappointed, could have nothing but praise for the boy who had not only beaten them but had nearly beaten their best ball.

The cards of the match:

	Out	
Par	4 4 4	4 4 4
Hurmet	5 4 4	4 5 4
Vardon	5 4 4	4 5 3
Ray	5 4 5	4 5 4
	In	
Par	3 4 4	3 4 4
Hurmet	3 4 4	3 5 4
Vardon	4 4 5	3 5 4
Ray	4 4 5	4 5 4

And what about the new champion? After the battle he was the same remarkable young man—exhausted but smiling, still unbelieving and still unbelievable. "I am the most surprised and as pleased as anyone here," he said in accepting the trophy from the USGA secretary, John Reid, Jr. "Naturally it always was my hope to win out. I simply tried my best to keep this cup from going to our friends across the water. I am very glad to have been the agency for keeping the cup in America."

The next day, when The Country Club was the scene of an all-out celebration, Francis Hurmet walked over from his house across the street and joined in the merriment by toasting down, one after another, a drink called a Home's Neck, a compound of lemon juice and ginger ale.

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THE POINT OF FITNESS

by DOROTHY STULL

The Presidential fitness committees, meeting jointly this week to evaluate existing programs, will find that physical education at West Point has much of value to offer to civilian schools

ON THE COURSE of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, the 119 members of the recently appointed President's Citizens Advisory Committee on the Fitness of American Youth are holding their first meeting this week with the President's Council on Youth Fitness. Their joint purpose is to determine the progress made on fitness problems and to present a report to the President. The Advisory Committee's special function is to evaluate measures to achieve more active American youngsters, and the Council is the President's link with the Committee.

It is perhaps a happy coincidence that the two groups are meeting at West Point, where the physical education program is worth their consideration. One of the best in the country, it overcomes many of the weaknesses in U.S. physical education (SI, Aug. 5). But like other schools, both military and civilian, West Point has felt the devastating effects of the increasing inactivity of American youth. Each year it is faced with the daunting spectacle of the progressively worsening physical condition of the candidates for the academy. Lately, approximately half the candidates have been failing their physical entrance test because of overweight. Last year twice as many plebes as in the previous year were unable to perform more than two push-ups.

"The job of making cadets physically fit gets harder and the time margin of safety smaller each year. 'We find we have to spend more and more time giving simple strength exercises like pull-ups and push-ups,'" says Lieut. Colonel Frank J. Kobes Jr., West

Point's director of physical education. And there are some components of fitness, like coordination, that are virtually impossible to teach by the time a boy enters the academy at the age of 19. Despite these handicaps, the U.S. Military Academy still continues to bring its cadets up to a height of fitness equaled in few institutions.

One of Colonel Kobes' efforts has been consultation with such fitness experts as Dr. C. H. McClay of Iowa University, Dr. Arthur Esslinger of Oregon University, Dr. Leonard Larson of New York University, Dr. Hans Kraus and others, who agreed with him that West Point should urge parents and schools to teach basic physical skills to a boy in his early youth. One cadet's misguided mother, for example, would not let her son compete in games for fear that he might get hurt and fail his West Point entrance examination. He almost did fail it—because of physical weakness resulting from his enforced inactivity. Colonel Kobes would like to help educate such parents and to share with other schools the Point's experience in getting—and keeping—boys in shape. "We realize that our program can't move look, stick and barrel into some other school," says Colonel Kobes. "But our reasons for doing things are just as important in Podunk as they are here."

One aim of the West Point program, unexpected in an institution that leans heavily on strict discipline, is the lifelong voluntary habit of keeping in good shape which is assiduously built into the cadets. This is a goal that civilian

schools have attempted to reach, without much success, for years. "We're not just building muscle or ordering cadets to be fit," says Colonel Kobes. "We have to sell the program. If we haven't taught cadets to like being active, they won't be active after they graduate."

That he has been successful is shown in the number of voluntary physical activities for which the cadets give over their previous few hours of spare time at the academy, as well as the sports record of officer graduates. Nine classes answering a questionnaire indicated that even after they were no longer under the colonel's watchful eye, they remained active both as sports participants and leaders of physical training programs.

WEST POINT STANDARDS FOR BOYS

Rating	Push-ups	Jump	Push-ups	2-min. sit-ups	300-yd. run
8TH GRADE					
Excellent	30	24	33	60	33
Fair	7	13	22	33	52
Poor	4	10	15	15	78
9TH GRADE					
Excellent	5	19	24	35	38
Fair	4	16	16	26	62
Poor	3	13	10	15	88
10TH GRADE					
Excellent	5	19	20	25	65
Fair	7	26	12	20	72
Poor	6	18	7	10	78



SIX SOCCER AND TWO SOFTBALL GAMES ARE GOING ON SIMULTANEOUSLY ON WEST POINT'S 116-ACRE PLAYING FIELD, TARGET HILL.

At graduation the cadet has a fine repertoire of sports skills with which to keep fit for the rest of his life. Golf, tennis, squash, handball and about 10 team sports—he can play them all well enough to enjoy them. He can swim 100 yards in five minutes and is proficient in two of four strokes. To help youngsters compare their physical ability with that of academy cadets, Kobes offers a list of suggestions of standards in a brochure available to the public entitled *How Do You Compare with a West Point Cadet?* (cover).

West Point, naturally, has objectives in mind which do not necessarily apply to civilian life; also, it is in the advantageous position of being able to make its physical education classes compulsory. Nonetheless, these methods have significance for all. The combination of required physical education classes plus compulsory intramural sports participation attains an ideal of time to teach plus time to apply what has been taught that many other schools have been vainly seeking to achieve for years.

A highly important factor in the colonel's program is that it insures equal attention for all students. At West Point there is none of the wasteful and unfair practices prevalent in many schools of giving the best to the best (who need it least)—that is, of expending all available time, training and equipment on varsity athletes or stars. Certainly there are many fine cadet varsity teams guided by Director of Athletics Earl Blum, who is also West Point's representative on the President's citizens fitness committee.

But only about a quarter of all cadets are involved in varsity athletics. The other three-quarters (about 1,700) take part in Colonel Kobes' physical education program. Here there is no star system; the slogan is "every cadet an athlete." And even cadet varsity athletes, unlike those in most schools, enter Colonel Kobes' sphere for required attendance in intramural sports during seasons when they are not playing their varsity sport.

EACH SPORT ONE SEASON

A nonvarsity cadet must attend intramurals the same number of times for each of his four years: 29 times in the fall and 16 times in the spring, in addition to his physical education classes. In intramural sports each player participates a minimum amount of time during each contest, and a cadet is eligible for each sport only one season. Varsity athletes taking part in intramurals are not eligible for their varsity sport, which prevents stars from competing with average players.

The total time a cadet spends in four years of required sports activity is about equal to that in a college which gives a masters degree in physical education. And this total does not include additional physical training the cadet receives in drilling, bayonet practice and so on.

To run such an extensive program well requires a superior staff—and Colonel Kobes has it. There are five military and 11 civilian members in the colonel's department, all but one of whom have masters degrees. They are assisted in handling the large num-

ber of cadets and their activities by senior cadets whom they draw on for help. This also gives the cadet instructors valuable leadership experience. All of the staff are in prime shape themselves and can expertly perform what they teach—a factor which cannot be stressed too much, the colonel believes. His own 6 feet 4 inches and 190 pounds of determination in action can demonstrate everything the cadets are required to do.

In addition to an exceptional staff the physical education department has outstanding and plentiful equipment. West Point has a mammoth six-floor gym, some 329,192 square feet overall, housing three swimming pools, innumerable courts and rooms, an indoor track and rooms full of protective safety equipment. There is one field house, an outdoor track and four main playing field areas, the largest of which is Target Hill on the Hudson (above). From 8 in the morning till dinner-time all facilities are well filled with vigorous activity.

In the final analysis the answer to what makes a program good is the man who runs it. In this case the man, Colonel Kobes, has a broad outlook, deep concern for his job and courage to take action in support of his convictions. He expresses his limitless energy and predilection for action when he says: "So far conferences haven't been too fruitful. Maybe it's time we get down to acting an example on the gym floor." When he leads the President's fitness committee members around West Point this week, he will, in effect, be doing just that. (E.R.R.)

AMERICA'S CUP

continued from page 17

and will in all likelihood be at the wheel of the *Seam* next year.

On the design side, Sparkman and Stephens are doing their best to make Cunningham a prophet. They have gone to the testing tanks at Stevens Institute in Hoboken, N.J. and already have a couple of models in the water there. The last America's Cup defender, *Ranger*, was a tank-tested Sparkman and Stephens design that beat the challenger so badly it earned the name "super J boat." S, and S. will settle for nothing less than a super-12-meter this time.

Among the other American designers, Philip Rhodes for one is also working at Stevens' tanks, using models of the *Morver* boat. Rhodes is a meticulous designer who, although he has a hundred draftsmen working for him, does a lot of his own basic drafting at home in his pantry at Pelham, N.Y. He has never designed to the meter rule, but his designs in other fields are world-famous. He recently did the 34-foot *Copier*, a sloop built to the cruising rule which took all the big boats in the 1967 Annapolis-Newport race.

C. Raymond Hunt, the third American designer, has the reputation for eccentric genius of a true New Englander. He is likely to hole up a hundred miles from salt water at his home in Tilton, N.H. and come out with something as extraordinary as the pansicle-shaped 110 design, which all but revolutionized thinking in small boat sailing when it appeared in 1938. He has also been successful in working to the meter rule: his *Quartzite* was the fastest 3.5-meter boat in last year's Olympic trials and lost out only because the boat's mainmast came tumbling down in the final race. *SE*, Aug. 27, 1956).

In addition, Hunt is one of the sharpest skippers around. His ten-cruising-sloop *Harrier* has been the outstanding racer on the East Coast this year, taking seven out of eight events entered. So there is little doubt Hunt will be given the chance to sail the *Hovey* boat himself.

Of the half dozen 12-meters now afloat in the U.S., only Harold S. Vanderbilt's famous old *Via*, now owned by John N. Matthews of Oyster Bay, N.Y. can run with the boats currently being built. Matthews should have the best-trained crew. While *Via*, which had been strided as a cruising boat, is being "skinned out and lightened up," Matthews has started to train his men on the old *Nyala* and seems to be having good luck. The *Nyala* took two Class A races in the New York Yacht Club cruise.

Meanwhile, back in England, the British are going about the making of the challenger in an assured and methodical manner. Four architects submitted models to the Royal Yacht Squadron syndicate which is building *Scepter*, and the best-performing model (built by Scotsman David Boyd) was picked. The economy-minded British came to the conclusion that it would be preferable to match models rather than full-size ships.

On this side of the Atlantic, Chandler Hovey was moved by this display of British efficiency to make what might be called a keynote speech for all the owners, designers and yachtsmen who are by now inextricably involved in the 1968 America's Cup. "The winner of the elimination will have a tough one," said Hovey. "He'll be doing his best not to be the first American skipper to lose the cup. And don't forget, the British are putting everything they have into this one. They want that cup badly."



DESIGNER C. Raymond Hunt, famous for the 110 meter boat built on March 12-meter.



SAILOR Briggs Cunningham, better known for sports cars, will skipper *Seam* 12-meter.



OWNER John Matthews of *Via*, sharpest 12-meter afloat, is currently training crew.

RATING FORMULA

$$\frac{L + 2d + \sqrt{SA - F}}{2.37} = 12 \text{ METERS}$$

L = CORRECTED LENGTH AT 7 INCHES ABOVE L.W.A.

D = DECK GIRTH MINUS CHAIN GIRTH

SA = MAINSAIL PLUS 85% FORE TRIANGLE

F = FREEBOARD



2.37

VIM

Typical 12-meter

L.O.A.=69 feet 7 inches

L.W.L.=45 feet

BEAM=12 feet

AVERAGE FREEBOARD=5 feet

HEIGHT OF MAST ABOVE DECK
=82 FEET

12
15

MAINSAIL=1,299.6 SQUARE FEET

RULE GENOA
=1,128 SQUARE FEET

COCKPIT
MAIN CABIN
DEPTH OF KEEL=9 FEET
HEAD
GALLEY
FORECASTLE

Illustration by A. Proctor



... AND STARED AT THE TIP LINE AN ABORIGINE GETTING HIS FIRST TASTE OF TOBACCO

THE LAST NAIL

continued from page 11

In the majors, took its time unrolling the tarpaulin. By the time the crew had covered the third-base side of the infield, it had rained so much that the tarp was too heavy to move. While the umpires grew red with apoplexy and the fans—36,917 of them—jeered, the rain continued to fall, making the base lines and the first-base side of the infield a mixture of goo and puddle. When the rain stopped at 8:15, the head groundskeeper ordered buckets of sand brought in, and while the crowd booed, the crew began loading up wheelbarrows and scattering the sand.

The wheeling and shoveling ended at 8:57. Then the crew set about peeling off the tarp from the third-base side. More boos. At 9:12, one of the crew overturned his empty wheelbarrow in center field while heading back toward the bullpen. The crowd laughed, spreading a note of good cheer. Finally, after one hour and 16 (the PA said 15) minutes, the farce came to an end. Bauer popped out to Luis Aparicio on the left-field grass. The Sox scored a run in the second, but the Yankees came back with two in the fourth and two in the sixth, thanks to a couple of key blooper hits. The Sox scored one in the sixth to make the score 4-2, but Bauer homered to left in the seventh to make the score 5-2.

Again the Sox came back, this time with two in the seventh when Earl Torgeson homered off Reliefer Turley. The score was now 5-4. So it was going into the bottom of the ninth, but, alas, so it remained when Sammy Esposito, with two men on, the count three and two, took a called strike. The Yankees had now pushed their lead to five and a half games ahead of the Sox.

In his office, Loper propped his feet on his desk and tried to smile. "We weren't getting the bloopers, and they were," he said. "Three of them they got tonight, all in the right places. It wasn't all bloopers, though, I guess. We had our chances. The bases loaded with none out. And the bases loaded with one out. And no runs."

By contrast, Stengel was expansive. He made it clear that he held no grudge against Mr. Gorman for popping him with the beer in the third inning. "Right in the face," Stengel said, admiringly. "Nice jab in the face. I'll say this. He wasn't cheap. He hit me with a full cup." Stengel smiled and scratched his head. "All in all," he went on, "I would have to say that that was a bad field to play on, and you saw an exceptional game for a bad field." A reporter asked if this clarified the penitent for the Yankees. Stengel peered over the rims of his glasses, then

"No! Nothing clinches it until the season is over. Only a sucker says that." Asked if he had been concerned about the condition of the field, he rasped, "I never worried about this field because when Luis was here we played in water! Christ almighty!" Pause. "Give me a cigarette." He lit one, pursed his lips and stared at the tip like an aborigine getting his first taste of tobacco. "It shows you how many people come out here on a bad day," he remarked apropos of nothing. "If you hadn't had rain yesterday, 7,000 more. Today, 15,000 more. They don't want to sit in the rain. You coulda sold the place out. Tomorrow I can shoot the whole works if I want to."

Thursday was a many-faceted day. For one thing, Mr. Gorman was fined the surprisingly low sum of \$15 which, coupled with the cost of \$2.50 for a box-seat ticket and 35c for the beer, would seem to establish, at the rather reasonable price of \$17.85 a throw, the cost of dousing Old Casey (a fact sure not to pass unnoticed by other anti-Yankee fans around the league, and one which might lead Stengel to become the first umbrella-carrying manager in all baseball). Then the rain stopped, and the largest weekday afternoon crowd in the history of Comiskey Park (39,357) turned out to watch the game. And, finally, it took the Sox longer than usual to lose to the Yankees.

There were cheers—and boos—as the Sox took the field. In the top of the third, Bauer homered to left off Dick Donovan, but in the bottom of the inning, the Sox tied it at 1-1 when Torgeson's sacrifice fly scored Aparicio from third. And so the score remained. That is, until the top of the 11th when Slaughter hit the first pitch into the upper deck 380 feet away.

What Loper had to say to no one bothered to ask. The Yankees, who had come into town Tuesday leading by only 3½ now led by 6½. They were rushing to catch a train, and everybody wanted to see Stengel.

Wearing only glasses, he stood by his locker, smiling. "Nice lovely day," he chirped. "The man [Donovan] pitched beautifully against us. Gave us a lot of thrills. But we had to put Old Enns in there. Ford threw that ball behind, inside, outside. We did a little better hitting at the right time. We're glad to get it, yes sir. I'm better off than when I come here. I couldn't left a half game ahead." Then he turned to stomp to the shower in all his naked majesty.

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WRECK OF THE REDLEGS

by ROBERT CREAMER

Stars show at nearly every position, but Cincinnati's dream of a pennant foundered on the rockiest pitching in the majors

SOMETIMES there is a quality of splendor in defeat, a trace of gallantry, an evidence of persistence and courage in the face of hopelessness. Even the destruction of the Chicago White Sox last week by the New York Yankees left Al Lopez, the White Sox manager, surrounded by an aura of nobility, undoubtedly the hero of the piece even though he was thoroughly vanquished.

Sometimes, however, defeat is not so splendid. Sometimes it is so crushing and humiliating that it becomes almost tawdry, an unpleasant thing to see.

Such was the decline and fall these past weeks of the Cincinnati Redlegs.

Cincinnati is a collection of superb baseball players. This is the club that had five men in the starting lineup of the National League's All-Star team both this year and last. It's true that balloting for the All-Star lineup was distorted by a disproportionately large vote from Cincinnati, but even so no one denied that each Redleg player elected, if not the absolute best at his position, was very close to the best.

Shortstop Roy McMillan, for instance, is one of the great fielding shortstops of all time. Here is a ballplayer who quite literally thrills those who follow baseball closely. Usually he does quietly in the infield what Willie Mays does spectacularly in the outfield; he

makes the impossible plays, plays that others make only in daydreams.

The names on the Cincinnati roster have a rich, ringing sound for baseball fans who savor great skill: McMillan, Ed Bailey, Ted Klusowski, Frank Robinson, Johnny Temple, Don Hoak, Smokey Burgess, Wally Post, George Crowe. No other team in the major leagues has so many good players. No other team has a shortstop like McMillan and a second baseman like Temple and catchers like Bailey and Burgess and a trio of outfielders like Robinson, Bell and Post and first basemen like Klusowski and Crowe and a third baseman like Hoak. This Cincinnati club is the best collection of first-

GUILTY: THE PITCHING STAFF



KLIPPSTEIN, JOHN, 29. Starting pitcher. Crime: only 1 complete game in 16 starts.



FWOLVER, ARTHUR, 34. Backstopper, on road. Crime: 4.44 earned average.



FREEMAN, HERSCHELL, 29. Star reliever. Crime: 4.52 ERA, allowed 14 home runs.

string ballplayers in the major leagues.

But they aren't good enough. None of them is a pitcher. The importance of pitching has always been recognized by students of baseball, but never was the theory so emphatically demonstrated as it was in Cincinnati this summer. The Redlegs' collapse was a baseball tragedy, if you accept the classic idea of tragedy: that the character who experiences it carries the seeds of his downfall within himself.

Cincinnati carried the seeds of its destruction in its pitching staff. All year long it flared with danger. Late in July the pennant race was still tight, but the clouds were beginning to gather. Only the eighth-place Chicago Cubs had a pitching staff whose earned run average was worse than Cincinnati's. Yet, whereas the Cubs were dead last, the Redlegs were only one game out of first place.

The reason? Cincinnati's hitters, despite the disabling of Ted Kluszewski and the erratic batting of Wally Post, had scored more runs than any other team in the majors. The hitters had carried the pitchers, had made up for their deficiencies. But because hitting is not a constant, consistent, regular thing—like bad pitching—the Redlegs' record of victory and defeat over the season had been erratic in the extreme.

They lost the first four games, won the next four, lost the next three. Six of those seven early-season defeats were to Milwaukee's Braves, four of them

continued



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WRECK OF REDLEGS

continued

by the agonizing margin of one run.

Then the Reds went on an impressive winning binge: 12 straight (best in the majors this season) and 19 of the next 25, a bubble of success that lifted Cincinnati into first place. On June 5 the Reds were two full games ahead and were 14 games above an even .500 pace.

Then came the first stage of the ultimate disaster: they lost 11 of their next 14 games and fell to fifth place. Inexplicably but characteristically, they reversed direction, won 12 of 16 and recaptured first place. This was July 3, midseason. On July 4 the Reds began a seven-game losing streak (the second stage of disaster) that dropped them right down into fifth again. For the third time they reacted vigorously to adversity. They won 16 of their next 18 games and to July 26 had struggled back to within one game of first place.

On that day, July 26, the National League pennant race was still an unprecedented five-team fight. Fifth-place Philadelphia was only two and a half games behind. But the final stage of disaster was about to start, and the race was never to be so close again. The tightness began to snap, and one team after another fell away. In two weeks Milwaukee had a five-and-a-half-game lead, and in three the National League pennant race was, practically speaking, all over.

The key that opened wide Milwaukee's way to the pennant was the Cincinnati pitching staff. Milwaukee's pennant-winning burst of 16 straight victories included six over the Redlegs. In those six games Redleg pitchers allowed Milwaukee 55 runs, an average of over nine runs a game. When the six games were done, so was Cincinnati and so was the pennant race.

Now with these figures for another paragraph or so. They are the lifeless sinews of a fascinating autopsy. If Cincinnati's pitching was poor before July 26, after that date it was so much worse that its earlier record seemed, in retrospect, almost superb.

In their first 16 games after the July 26 high point and including their 4-1 victory over the Dodgers that day, Cincinnati's pitchers beat their opponents to less than five runs in a game only twice. Despite this the Reds managed to break even in those 16 games, winning by such scores as 6-3 and 3-6.

Then came Milwaukee. Six games in 10 days. Four victories in those games

would bring the Redlegs right back on the heels of the Braves. Now, if ever, was Cincinnati's chance to catch Milwaukee. Instead, Cincinnati died.

In the first game the Braves quickly took a 2-0 lead in the third inning and opened it to 5-1 in the sixth. With the reliable Warren Spahn pitching for Milwaukee this was an impressive margin of safety. Nevertheless, the Redleg batters pressed Spahn and scored three times in the eighth and ninth innings. It was not quite enough. The final score was 5-4, Milwaukee.

The next day, with the Redlegs hoping to get even, Milwaukee cut through

the Redlegs all the way to win three straight games from the Cubs. Once again, they prepared to meet Milwaukee. This time Cincinnati had no choice. It had to win all three games to stay in the pennant race.

The Reds took a 2-0 lead in the first game of this second series, fell behind 1-2, then fought back to tie the game at 4-4 in the fifth inning. This was the last inning of the season during which the Redlegs were in the pennant race. Milwaukee's pitching permitted no runs through the rest of the game. Cincinnati's permitted eight. The Braves won 12-4.

The next day the Braves took a 3-0 lead. The Reds closed it to 3-2. The Braves widened it to 5-2. The Reds closed it to 5-1. Cincinnati had one more turn at bat coming, but in the ninth inning, before the Reds got that last chance, the Braves scored eight times. Final: 13-1.

On the last day the Reds were never in the game. Milwaukee scored four times in the first inning and walked away to win, 8-1. It was all over.

Pelagias It was only a coincidence, but at this point the Cincinnati batters stopped hitting, apparently from utter frustration. Games seemed to fly out of reach just when the Reds were about to grab them, or even before they had their first chance at bat. The day after that last game of the disastrous Milwaukee series, the lowly Chicago Cubs scored five runs in the first inning against the Reds. Even so, Cincinnati came back to tie the game. Even so, naturally, they eventually lost it.

After that, everything went to pot. In all, the Reds lost 16 straight games—worst of the National League season—and 13 of 14 to drop once again to fifth place. The hitters were averaging less than three runs a game. This is very poor, but actually it made little difference, since the Redleg pitching gave up eight or more runs in 16 of those 14 games. It was like a fireworks display, building up to a grand, crashing finale. For the Reds the finale came in the Polo Grounds in New York where they lost 10-1 and 11-3 to the sixth-place New York Giants.

Thirty games remained to the Redlegs at that time. It seemed reasonable to assume that they would win more of those games than they'd lost, and finish a fairly respectable fourth.

But fourth place is hitter ashes for a team that had its eye on the pennant. Heads, most of them attached to pitching arms, will certainly roll before next season begins.

END



UNHAPPY: Reds' Felsch, 1961 year's Manager of Year, pondered ruined season.

Cincinnati's pitching staff like a knife through soft cheese. The Braves led 2-0 in the first inning, 3-1 in the third, 7-1 in the fifth, 11-3 in the seventh and 12-2 at the end.

The third day the desperate Reds scored first. The Braves promptly replied with three runs to take the lead. The Reds tied the score in the eighth inning, but again the Cincinnati pitching was wholly unable to handle the situation. A hit batsman, two bases on balls and one base hit and the Braves had two runs, a 5-3 victory, and a sweep of the series.

Despite the shocking loss of all three games (the Braves at that point had won 11 of 13 from Cincinnati for the season) and despite the fact that the very next day their pitchers yielded seven runs to weak-hitting Chicago,



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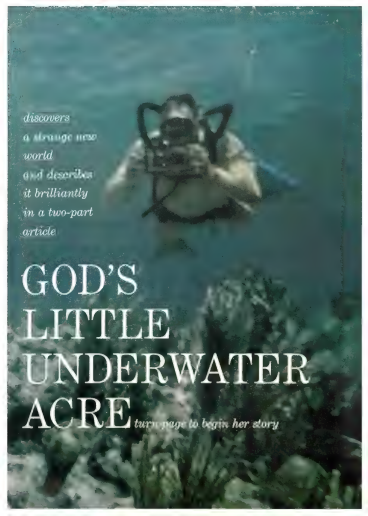
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A full-page background image showing a diver in clear, greenish-blue water. The diver is wearing a mask and a yellow BCD, and is holding a large video camera up to their eye. The diver is positioned in the upper center of the frame. Below the diver, there is a rocky reef with some green seaweed or coral. The overall scene is peaceful and captures a moment of underwater photography.

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GOD'S LITTLE UNDERWATER ACRE

turn page to begin her story



PART I: GOD'S LITTLE UNDERWATER ACRE

of EELS and SEALS and a BOBBY PIN

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER STACKPOLE

Oh, fish, fish, how art thou fishlike!
—SHAKESPEARE

THINK I WAS, slithering along the bottom of the pool like an eel, an eel whose head was imprisoned in a rubber-sealed pickle jar, from which little bubbles noisily escaped, while a quiet trickle of water stole in. A human eel whose body, encased in a clammy black frogman's shirt and black ballet tights, propelled by black rubber flippers, was tightly trapped to a long, gray, pickle-shaped steel tank which slithered along with it.

On my weithing way toward the pool's deep end, I gaped frog-eyed out of my glass prison. The aquarium scenery was not inspiring. I seemed to be in a flooded and deserted quarry at twilight. Through the murky water, cement walls loomed high on all sides. The walls began to shimmer. I looked up.

Ten feet above, the quarry's liquid lid broke into a steady broth, churned by a downwash of king-sized blue flippers. A second later another bottled face confronted mine. It stared at me. I stared back. Its fishy blue eyes seemed full of questioning concern. But I could not verify the expression because its mouth was not in its jar, like mine. Its mouth was sucking lemon-rose on a white rubber bit from which trailed guest rubber tubes connected that were joined behind its head to a round alarm-clock-sized gadget affixed to the top of its own tank. It raised its blurry eyebrows higher and swam at me, pointing a gray forefinger. Then the forefinger met the thumb to form a circle. Plainly, in the language of bottled eels, it was asking if I were O.K. I considered the matter. Well, I was not yet drowned. I formed my own fingers into an answering

circle, noting with laist dismay that they had become as weirdly white as a sea anemone's.

Something—I thought it was relief—came into the confronting eyes. Anyway, they now looked less like watery blue onions; indeed almost human. A mottled gray hand fastened on my arm like a limpet, and I was floated a few feet up. With a flip of its fin, it shot ahead, beckoning me to follow. I followed. Now we were flippers around and around the pool, like trained seals. Good. I was gratified from eelish to sealish.

Now my fellow seal rounded on me again, jabbed gently at my chest, then at his own: this was seal talk for "You do what I do." Then he jackknifed and rolled, again and again, mask over flippers. Through my mask this performance looked part fish, part human and part washing machine. Nevertheless, the thing looked easy, and graceful, in a ridiculous sort of way. I began to tumble with him, awkwardly. Sometimes my bottled head came out of the water, sometimes my widespread flippers failed the air. Good. I was working the system: sealish and not just eelish.

Suddenly I was quite out of breath. I gulped for air, and swallowed water. I breached through my nose. Water came that way too. I snorted and spat, held my breath, and fought to surface. Instead, I sank fast, arms up, legs sprawled, in a sitting position. The bottom of my tank hit the metal drum on the bottom of the pool. There was a resounding clang. It echoed through the pool like the bells on the lost island of Atlantis. It knelled doom. I sat there, not breathing, frozen with fear. Now I will drown.

The eyes in the glass were again confronting me, and a finger was pointing to the button on the side of my mask. I pressed it hard. Air hissed sharply into the mask, cleared out the water and escaped: gurgles, gurgles, gurgles! All around my head bubbles panicked to the top to join their own element. And since I gulped air deeply and found myself shooting up in the bubbles' wake, I grabbed the side of the pool. How very extraordinary. I can always go up—if I can

continued

There was a world of underwater tropical
was . . . a liquid paradise . . . wise-dark
depths . . . seem's soul resplendent aquatics. . .

GOD'S UNDERWATER ACRE

continued

Amphibio... What if I can't? I emptied my lungs and let go of the side. The tank clanged on the bottom again. How very extraordinary. I will always go down when my lungs are empty. I filled my lungs again; I ballooned up. I emptied them; I plummeted down. Up—gurgles! Down—clang! I breathed slowly and shallowly. I made a new discovery: If I retained my breath, I could lie there on the bottom, inert as a collapsed puffer fish, and rest. I rested. This posture of aquatic repose was followed by the slow return of my mental faculties. Thought began to trickle into my mind the way water was trickling into my mask. I am cold. Very cold. I have a stabbing ache in my head. I am cold, as long as the week of the Hesperus... And yet I could not have been eeling and seeping and porpoising about and lying here like an exhausted flounder in 10 feet of water for more than 15 minutes. I've had it.

My bottle-faced companion, who all this time had been patiently goggling at me, standing on his finger tips, like a lobster, made a "thumb-up" gesture. He also knew I'd had it. *I won't surface. I'll go out the way I came in: gallantly, five or so.* I slithered back toward the shallow end, punching my air button every other second and fighting claustrophobia all the way. Then something on the barren floor caught my attention. It was something very small. I coiled over to it and picked it up, and held it before my mask. It was a rusty bobby pin. I dropped it in disgust.

Who wants to slither on his belly, scavenging rusty bobby pins, when he can walk erect and pick lovely flowers on the lovely land? Who wants to gurgles and flounder on dark, watery bottoms when he can loiter and sing in the brilliant sunshine? Who wants to be wet when he can be dry? Who wants to communicate by flaky signs when he can speak in the tongue of Shakespeare? Not I.

I SURFACED in four feet of water. I tried to stand. The compressed-air tank on my back again weighed 30 pounds. I fell crouching to my knees and fumbled at the six straps that would unbuckle my spitting head. Someone untrussed my gear and floated it away. I stood up and ripped off the mask. It dropped in my hands, weighing like a solid rubber bucket.

There I was, after an eternity, looking up into the handsome brown face of Park Breck, my underwater instructor.

"How was it?"

My chattering teeth could not bite on a word. He took the mask, smiling uneasily.

"You did fine."

"Umph."

"Like it?"

"My mask leaked."

"I told you: the Hydro-Pak doesn't always fit a woman's face. Your face is too small."

Swim! It felt like a winnowed winter apple.

"And you forgot to press the air-release button."

"My ear aches."

"You kept shooting up and down. That's dangerous. And you forgot to equalize. Blow against your nose."

I gripped my stiff nostrils and blew. My ears popped painfully. I let go my nose. Some of those gurgles must have gotten into my middle ear. It plopped and squeaked. I slugged to the side of the pool in my flippers. I hoisted myself to the side and ripped them off.

At last I stood on land. But not dry land. The leaden



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Exhaustion, looking up into the

endless brown face of Park Berk, my instructor. . . .

and over, as far as my neck. I tried to pull my arms out of the sleeves. They came out of the sleeves and almost out of their sockets. I pulled it over my head. The thing turned into a devilfish. It almost smothered me before, panting, I beat it off and hurled it to the bathroom floor. It sloshed across the tiles and lay limp, like a dead man-ray. During my struggle the hot water had reached the rim of the tub. In the nick, I turned it off. I tried the water with a tentative toe. It seemed boiling hot. But I reassigned myself to it like a lobster seeking heaven in the martyrdom of the pot. I lolled like a pink jellyfish in the tub. I floated my red, unflipped toes to the top, admiring them extravagantly. "How beautiful are thy feet, without flippers, O King's daughter." I floated my tired body and thought . . .

Why, in the name of all common sense, had I decided to try skin-diving? Who ever made me think I would enjoy anything so tiring and dismal and frightening? Who advised? Why, none other than that arch spinner of underwater yarns, that master magician of marine enchantments, that fabulous, fabricating frog of a Frenchman! Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau!

Two years ago I had shown his film, *The Silent World*,

in the Embassy at Rome. That was a world of sun-drenched tropical seas, breached by flashing brown bodies who wore only trunks and Aqua-lungs. That was a liquid paradise. I recalled how my bubble-plumed hero, Cousteau, and his valiant fishermen had gone down in the sea to beauty; how resolutely they had penetrated its wine-dark depths, exploring its weirdest wrecks, tearing the watery veil from never-before-witnessed scenes of ocean's strangest and most resplendent mysteries; how playfully, under azure waters, they had consorted with gorgeous fishes, ridden with noble tortoises, and danced with suctorial octopi; how tenderly they had made friends with Ulysses, a giant grouper; how nonchalantly they had encountered and how bravely routed the finny monsters of the deep; how boldly they had put the fear of man even into man-eating sharks!

How delicious, how effortless it had all seemed! A bewitchment had fallen on me. I read diving books and diving lore. Then in an article in a magazine which shall be nameless, I encountered a sentence that thrilled me: "Off the coral reefs," it said, "on the Bermuda barrier, there is the best amateur Aqua-lunging in the Western World, and excellent instructors." When the next hot summer came I would go to Bermuda and try. I did not yearn to hear the musical bark of the devilfish, or the playful squeaks of dolphins. My ambition was a small one: I defined it, to give myself hope (and courage). I only wanted to see an angelfish face to face at his own level, which (I read) is between 20 and 30 feet of clear water.

So what had I found? I had found myself lying like a jettisoned part of an old refrigerator on a hard cement floor, shivering to death in 10 feet of water, while something probed my eardrums with an icicle, and under a noisy mask stale cold water tickled my nose.

I hated Monsieur Cousteau.

Ah! the beauty of a small blue porcelain tub. Oh, the joy to be . . . where? Wha, in water again. The bliss of the child in the womb. . . . Suddenly it flashed through my mind that in water I am no longer a prisoner of gravity. I thought with astonishment that there was something I had liked about my experience in the pool: the sweet and mysterious escape of human flesh and bone from the awful lifetime burden of gravity. But, definitely, that was all. For the rest, I passionately hoped Monsieur le Capitaine Cousteau would get the bends—right at home in his own porcelain bathtub.

IN THE afternoon I decided to try once more. Why, I don't know. Maybe it was the strength that came from the big hot lunch I ate; maybe it was the small warm faint fingers of sunshine that now poked through the dark fabric of the Bermuda sky; maybe it was that strange desire which I had for the first time identified in the bathtub, the spirit's deepest desire to shed the body's burden of gravity. Maybe it was because I have always believed, with G. K. Chesterton, that anything worth doing is worth doing badly. Or, maybe it was just what the conversation at lunch of my two young Bermuda guests, my godchild and namesake, Clare Bester Carey, and Tony Ribeiro, did to my vanity.

Clare said, "Isn't Auntie Clare terrific—just like Auntie Marnie!" And Tony said, "What's so terrific about lung-diving? I can hold my breath *without* all that junk, and still make it on the bottom, the whole way down the pool!"

So once again, I sat on the side of the pool while Park patiently explained (all over again) the basic facts of

continued

GOD'S UNDERWATER ACRE

continued

gracious underwater living: I must breathe slowly and regularly; I must always exhale coming up; and go down and come up slowly in order to equalize pressure on my eardrums. I had to do for my own eardrums what a pilot does for the eardrums of his passengers when he takes off or lands his plane gradually.

I exhaled and sealed and played the flounder again. But I did not bob up and clang down. My carache dilled. But the Hydro-Pak mask still looked and roared. And every time I punched the button, I wished it were Cousteau's apalline and aqueous nose. I used a nose to breathe. What use was his elegant hawklike beak to him? I concluded that he used it only to frighten off sharks.

I stayed in the pool quite a while, dreading the hour of my next encounter in the bathroom with my rubber frogman's shirt.

O, I have passed a miserable night,

So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams, . . .

Lord, Lord! Methought what pain it was to drown!

What dreadful vision of writhing did mine eyes see!

—SHAKESPEARE

THAT NIGHT I fell asleep exhausted at 10 o'clock. I was soon having nightmares in which my five-foot severed head, entrapped in its gurgling and roaring mask, was rolled by hidden currents on all the floors of the seven seas.

I snapped up in bed and turned on the light. The gurgling and roaring were real. They came from the antiquated air conditioner. I got up and turned the wretched thing off.

That did it. I would not use a Hydro-Pak again. I would use Cousteau's scuba. Cousteau had betrayed me. He might as well betray me to the death. . . .

I slept like a clam. I awoke 10 hours later when the telephone rang. It was Breck. No diving was possible anywhere off the island in weather like this. I said: "How very disappointing!" and sighed with relief. I ordered the biggest breakfast I have had since I was a child. Waiting for it, I went to the window. It was shrouded with rain. On the high flagpole on the terrace of the Mid-Ocean Club, the British flag whipped fast in drenched gloom in a strong sou'wester. Beyond, a high surf broke on the beach. The ocean was dark, and six miles out, from the sharp teeth of the barrier reef, spume fumed against the leaden sky. What a lovely day not to dive!

*When you were a tadpole and I was a fish,
In the Palaeozoic time,
And side by side on the ebbing tide
We speared through the ooze and the slime. . . .*

—LANGDON SMITH

AFTER TWO DAYS the wind dropped and the surf subsided. From my window I saw a shaft of sunlight strike the drooping British flag, like a benediction on its long struggle with the squalls. It was clearing.

Park called. We decided we would try for a third dive from a boat in the shallow waters of Castle Harbour, near the wreck of a little harbor tug called the *Sea Fox*. That sounded encouraging . . . even romantic . . .

We boarded Captain Roy Taylor's sturdy 40-foot fishing

boat, the *Wuffy III*, at St. George. We dressed for the dive on board. Park told me I would be warmer if I wore only a thick tight sweater over my bathing suit. But somebody else had told me that the rubber shirt would help to "seal" the sweater, and that it would go on more easily if I sifted it inside first with talcum powder. I had bought a can of talcum in Hamilton. I sifted it liberally. After a mild struggle I emerged looking like a hirsut ready for the pan. Suddenly I remembered that the last time I had used talcum was 20 years ago, when I found out I was allergic to it. Too late. I sneezed lightly.

We anchored near the shore in Blue Horizon Bay. On deck we struggled into our heavy gear and strapped on weight belts. The horizon was anything but blue.

Park said, "It's going to be cold. The wind has blown off all the warm top water. And the visibility will be low. Thirty feet, maybe. When you go down, don't forget to equalize." Then, diver-fashion, he tumbled overboard backward from the rail.

With the help of Park's assistant and Captain Taylor, I hauled myself over the side and down the ladder, clutching the rail. I sneezed and readjusted my mask. I flopped in and down, sucking air through my mouthpiece as though I were the last survivor of the Calcutta death hole. I came

Captain said: "Don't Anakin! Don't Anakin!—just like Anakin Anakin!" And Tony said: "What's so terrific about long-diving? I can hold my breath without all that junk. . . ."



"AN UNDERSEA RHYMER NAMED CLARE . . ."

Out of the ocean depths around Bermuda, Clare Beeche-Luce brought the fruits of a hitherto unexplained talent: the composition of *Emericks*. Here are a few—making up a verified manual of some do's and don'ts—which she wrote down.

*Said a scuba instructor called Breck,
"Never drink when you dive on a wreck.
For the loss of ashtray
Will destroy your aquaplay,
And you'll end with the beads on the deck."*

*An amateur diver called Peewee
Whose lungs were once caught in a squeeze,
Said, "I don't breathe
That I must apneize,
And I also have pains in my knees."*

*Her scuba instructor said, "Clare,
Underwater, whatever you hear,
The best mask, a best flipper
Won't make you a kipper—
You must surface sometime for air."*

up and, guided by Breck, swam down again slowly to about 10 feet. My ears didn't hurt. Fine. *I am learning to apneize.* I looked around. The visibility was certainly low. I saw nothing but gray-green water. We swam along the rocky coast in the direction of the wreck. Dull fish shapes and rock shapes appeared, disappeared and reappeared. A strong current was flowing. I began to battle it. A dark brown shape loomed about five feet under. It was the well-scrubbed hull of the *Sea Fern*. It lay long and rusty. Like a giant bobby pin. Little gray schools of fishes flicked and darted past its macabre profile. *I am learning to breathe, but I am tired. The current is very strong.* I pulled at Breck's dipper. We turned back to the *Wobbly III*.

Swimming back, growing colder by the minute, I tried to fix my attention on the harbor floor below. It was a

gruesome sight. Gray and flat except for the pyramids of sand the sea worms build, it was spotted with great lumpy sea puddings, the color of manure. Discarded red snappers, heads intact, mouths open, lay in stiff death all around. A snake-like, mottled green moray, about four feet long, drifted past a beer bottle, dead as a cucumber. I looked up. Overhead long transparent ribbon rolls of oose floated swiftly by—worms' eggs. A jelly fish slashed across my mask. *The current is too strong now.* I thumbed up.

Swimming on the surface, we reached the boat. There was a mead of tanks and flippers around the ladder as with Breck's help I unfastened my gear, spat out my mouthpiece and hauled myself wearily up the ladder. It was raining hard again. Captain Taylor and Breck helped me to peel off the frogman's shirt.

I went into the cabin and changed back to slacks. I came out and beamed gratefully over a hot cup of coffee that the captain handed me. Then I sneezed, and with a rash, my eyes ran rivers of tears while my nose dripped stringily. I sneezed again and again like a little French train snorting out of a station.

The captain said, "Caught a cold?"

"No, I have an allergy to talcum."

I rubbed my stringy hair on a damp towel. I realized I did not look like Sophia Loren. The captain looked at me wryly.

"Find anything interesting down there?"

"I didn't come up with Alan Ladd, did I?"

"The floor of any harbor," Park said, "always looks like a city dump heap. Wait till we hit the barrier reef on a sunny day."

I ruminated between coffee gulps and allergic sneezes on the ugly dive and tugging currents. *Why not face it? I might stay here until I am covered with algae before I am noticeable and fair weather. Still . . . the dive on the Sea Fern was an improvement on the dive on the bobby pin.*

NEXT WEEK: PART II

In which the author, still stormbound, spends an evening with the treasure divers and beholds the ancient and beautiful things they have found below the waters; and then, with clearing skies, herself discovers the wonders of the sunlit jungle of the reefs, making the acquaintance of a variety of fishes, including a man-fish and Ulysses Junior, and finally finding her own treasure of the sea.





SPORTING LOOK

Presenting, from Italy, the sunny land of put-puts, the latest product of the motor scooter: what to wear

ON WHEELS

The best seat for seeing Rome is the one on a motor scooter. And now that Italy's sportswear-designing marchese, Emilio Pucci, has turned his talents to scooter clothes, some of the best-looking sights in Rome are the sightseers themselves. Since scooters are getting to be almost as popular as pizza in the U.S. (an estimated 250,000 are buzzing around America at this very moment!), Emilio's ideas for scooter-riding are likely to turn up on U.S. streets and highways any day now. Most of the clothes, in keeping with the covered-up look approved for city streets by Italian officials, are ingenious combinations of skirts and trousers, such as harem-draped divided skirts or balloon-legged pantaloons. More readily acceptable for America's new scooter clubs will be the marchese's new one-piece shirt-and-shorts combination (opposite) that is waistless and beltless, offering the last word in scooter-riding comfort.

SIGHTSEEING In Rome's Piazza Navona, Suzanne Aronow counts her goodbuds in front of Bernini's famous River Fountain. She wears shirt and harem-draped divided skirt of Pucci-patterned cotton. Emilio designs his own prints as well as sports styles.

CROSSING Piazza de la Spagna in Florence are Model Candy Martin, in Emilio-designed pantaloons and fuzzy hat over printed bodysuit, and heroine Emilio Pucci himself in this year's top summer fashion for Italian gentlemen—all white from head to foot.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONYA



RIDING to work "side saddle" in the manner of Roman girls, Anna Maria Papiana models a wool skirt coat, cut very much in the style of the shirt dress that brought success in

America to Designer Pavel four years ago. The grey coat is striped with red at the edges to dramatize the shirttail cut of the hem and typical short cut of the sleeves and collar.

PERCHED in front of the pink foot of a Borromini statue at the Piazza Campitales in Rome, Anna Filippa models get-to-know cotton slacks and shirt with a skirt of contrasting print,

which is attached to a belt. This is one of the most popular ways of covering up in compliance with edicts forbidding women to appear in slacks and shorts on Rome's historic streets.



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Left: Iclander Jacket. Orion fleece lined. Bulky knit collar and cuffs. Taped Zip front. About \$22. Frontier Ivy-All slacks with leather-like edging on pockets. About \$9.

Center: Bavaria Coat with detachable hood. Orion fleece lined. Leather toggles. Inside zipper. About \$30. Ivy-All slacks with buckle and strap on back. About \$8.

Right: Ivy-Babylon Coat. Hacking pockets, leather edged flaps. Leather buttons. Striped lining. About \$22.

All measurements in inches.

If you cannot find H.I.S. sportswear at your favorite store, write to H.I.S., 220 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

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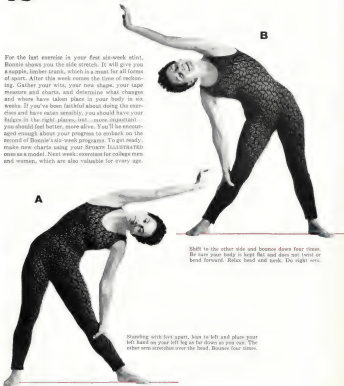
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BONNIE PRUDDEN

10

The side stretch ends preparation
for your second six-week program

For the last exercise in your first six-week stint, Bonnie shows you the side stretch. It will give you a supple, limber trunk, which is a must for all forms of sport. After this week comes the time of reckoning. Gather your wits, your new shape, your tape measure and charts, and determine what changes and where have taken place in your body in six weeks. If you've been faithful about doing the exercises and have eaten sensibly, you should have your bulges in the right places, but—more important—you should feel better, more alive. You'll be encouraged enough about your progress to embark on the second of Bonnie's six-week programs. To get ready, make new charts using your *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* omnibus as a model. Next week: exercises for college men and women, which are also valuable for every age.



Shift to the other side and bounce down four times. Be sure your body is kept flat and does not twist or bend forward. Relax head and neck. Do eight sets.

Standing with feet apart, lean to left and place your left hand on your left leg as far down as you can. The other arm stretches over the head. Bounce four times.



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TIP FROM THE TOP

from **BUD HOLSCHER**,

Apple Valley, Calif.



for golfers of all degrees of skill

Most golfers today realize that a player must keep working on his swing if he hopes to improve and to play and score better. Now this can frequently present a problem: many a golfer becomes so engrossed with performing this movement and that movement correctly that even during the course of a round the chief thing on his mind is technique, not playing the shot. Of course, playing the shot has to come first. But then, how do you reconcile this with the concentration you must also put out to build a better swing so you will hit the ball better?

I can only tell you my ideas on the subject. To begin with, the practice fairway is the place where a golfer should properly concern himself with executing theory, developing the correct moves which he hopes will become habitual through practice and playing. When you are playing a round, the practice swing before a shot should serve as the bridge between the practice fairway and actually hitting the shot. When you perform your practice swing, treat it as a quick refresher course in the one or two specific points you were working on and hoping to incorporate into your swing. Then you must forget about the niceties of technique, and when you step up to hit the ball you must put all of your thoughts on hitting the shot, playing the individual shot you are confronted with. At the back of your mind, to be sure, there will be one or two permanent thoughts (such as starting back slowly), but at the forefront of your mind you should have only one conscious aim: playing the particular shot as well as you can.



THREE STEPS WITH
BUD HOLSCHER

practice fairway

practice swing

playing the shot

NEXT WEEK: DOUG FORD ON ONE METHOD OF ALIGNMENT



THE QUESTION: Is gambling in golf good or bad?



REAR ADMIRAL ROBERT PINE, U.S.N.
Commander, Naval District Six

Gambling, of course, adds an element of interest to golf, but no one should gamble for more than he can afford to lose with good grace. In other words, betting should not spoil the sport and fun that makes golf the great game it is. When that happens, gambling loses what little virtue it has.



E. TRUMAN WRIGHT
Vice-president, Oceanair Lines

Bad. Gambling potentially runs the golf game into a game of chance, and I'm referring specifically to gambling like that in Calcuttas, for prizes that run into the thousands. A side bet of a couple of dollars for fun is O.K., but large side bets can cause a lot of bad feeling.



PAUL M. BUTLER
Chairman, Democratic National Committee

Bad. Golf is a grand sport for the millions of devotees. It should not be fouled up by gambling. Small side bets among friends for fun are fine, but heavy betting is harmful. Golf should be for relaxation. How can a man who wants to get away from his problems relax if he has a large bet on the game?



ROBERT S. MILLER
President, Inc., Attorney

Bad. Golf should be played for fun and social contacts, sportsmanship and friendship. This spring I traveled 3,000 miles from Oregon for the fun of playing, as an amateur, with the top pros in the Sun South Festival at Greenbrier. If it were not for the fun, I wouldn't waste the green fees.



JOCK MULLAN
Golf operator and instructor, country and sports figure

I certainly wouldn't call it bad unless dishonesty is involved, as there was in a Calcutta a short time ago. It's up to every individual. To me, it's neither good nor bad. If I want to bet someone \$5 million or \$5, that's my business and his business. There's nothing ideologically bad about it.



DEL REMYEL
Chairman, Silk Airline, and Chairman, National Airlines Board

There has to be some degree of gambling in golf for added interest. Whether it's good or bad depends on the rule. In a friendly game, gambling is wonderful. However, I'm glad to see the Calcutta on the way out. It became an outright gambling device and was not good for the game.



THE DUKE OF WINDSOR

Friendly betting adds interest to golf, but outright gambling is bad for the game. I never play for more than \$5 a side. That is enough of a wager and it gives us the chance to jolly each other about our bad shots. Very often, my side bet is \$2, and nothing at all when I'm playing too badly.



WALTER J. TUDNEY
President, Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad

Gambling is extremely bad for golf in the event it goes to the Calcuttas. These Calcuttas have already done a lot of harm, and they will bring additional disgrace to the game if they are allowed to continue. I bet a defiar Nassau or two. I enjoy winning a friendly bet like that.



RAYMOND E. SALVATI
President, Island Creek Coal Co.

Prior to the scandals, I thought controlled gambling was wonderful. Now I feel that Calcuttas should be banned. What happened before can happen again, for \$50,000 in gambling prizes is a great temptation. In a group, a \$25 side bet starts a lot of ribbing and adds to the fun.



JAMES M. SYMES
President, Pennsylvania Railroad

Golf wouldn't be any fun without a little gambling between the amateurs playing for fun. When there is good sportsmanship among a group, gambling adds to the game. However, it should be absolutely barred among the pros. Professional gambling can ruin any sport, even golf.



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THE READERS TAKE OVER

FITNESS (CONT.): THE FORWARD LOOK

Mrs.

Bonnie Prudden's articles on physical fitness are terrific! (*J.S. Fitness*, 1947, 81, Aug. 5 if you.) I am looking forward to new vitality, a new figure and the next issue of *SHOES* (111-528-1147).

CAROL THYALL

Green Rapids, Mich.

FITNESS (CONT.): WOW!

Sir:

I am following Bonnie Prudden's exercises each week and feeling a lot better for it, but I cannot interest my husband in the exercises. Every week he looks at Miss Prudden and says "Wow!" but he does not get out of his chair. My consolation is that if all goes well in a few weeks he will be saying "Wow!" at me. Long live Bonnie.

JESSICA BARNES

Boston

FITNESS (CONT.): PRENATAL CARE

Sir:

Are there any exercises dangerous or not suggested for normal pregnancies? Until what month can they be continued?

MRS. CHARLES E. DAYIN

Fort Bragg, N.C.

• The importance of prenatal exercises to insure adequate strength, muscle tone and flexibility, as well as the ability to relax, is being increasingly stressed by many physicians. Bonnie Prudden has given exercises to mothers during their entire pregnancy, albeit always gently and with moderation. However, Miss Prudden advises each mother-to-be to consult with her own physician.—ED.

FITNESS (CONT.): MRS. OTIS REGRETS

Sir:

After looking at the charts for spot reduction (81, Aug. 8) I find no exercise for one of my legaches. The area is the "shin" or space just that appears over the back of a strapless dress. I think it is a hopeless sight; could you include an exercise that would remove the bulge?

MARGARET M. OFIS

Yuba City, Calif.

• Bonnie Prudden recommends that Mrs. Otis use the torso twist pictured in the August 26 issue and also remember to try to cut down on her caloric intake.—ED.

FITNESS (CONT.): PER ARDUA EN SOLUS

Sir:

I am 5 feet 4½ inches and weigh 214 pounds. I am struggling with exercise Nos. 2 and 3. Believe me, I cannot get off the floor. Do you think if I keep trying I will be able to? I want to so badly.

MRS. DANIEL PERSIMILLA

Chicago

• Yes, indeed, says Bonnie Prudden, but until it becomes easy try the sit-ups with your arms crossed in front.—ED.

FITNESS (CONT.): LOOK OUT BELOW

Sir:

I have been following Bonnie Prudden's exercises weekly and my father has been following them too.

I have heard it is good to pound your legs on the floor. I have also heard it isn't good as it would break the blood vessels. I would like your advice about this exercise.

MARY PAUL BARNES

Copley, Ohio

• Miss Prudden, who in a later issue will present exercises for the thigh, says to go ahead and pound those legs.—ED.

FITNESS (CONT.): LONG, LONG TRAIL A-WINDING

Sir:

My husband has subscribed to your magazine since its beginning, but I have never seen anything in it. Now that he makes me do the Prudden exercises every day with him I like your magazine even less. How much longer does his subscription run?

MRS. HENRY COHEN

New York

• About eight months—long enough, we hope, to convert you.—ED.

FITNESS (CONT.): WALK, DON'T RUN

Sir:

I hate exercise. Last week I ran to catch a streetcar. It said "Silver Street" on the side. I was sick all day. I have learned my lesson and will never exercise again.

ROBERT D. BENNETT JR.

Washington, D.C.

FITNESS (CONT.): HEAR, HEAR

Sir:

I'd like to second Mrs. Hilde Raff's suggestion to make Bonnie Prudden Woman of the Year (81, 19TH HOLE, Aug. 19).

MRS. E. CLARK SHAFER

Johnstown, Pa.

FITNESS (CONT.): TESTING, TESTING

Sir:

Your excellent article on physical fitness leaves just one question—where can I obtain a Kraus-Weber physical fitness test with the intention of initiating a physical fitness program in my community?

EDWARD W. HARRIS JR.

Idaho Springs

Sir:

I am a teacher of physical education at the high school in Stratford, Wis.; I wish to obtain a copy of the Kraus-Weber fitness test for administration to my students.

EMERY R. HERRICK

Milwaukee, Wis.

Sir:

Both my wife and I are teachers and are interested in the Kraus-Weber test and how to administer it.

FOREST R. COULTON

Whittier, Calif.

• Bonnie Prudden's book *Basic Exercises No. 1* gives explicit directions

continued

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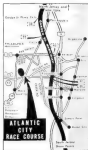
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for the administration of the Kraus-Weber test for minimum physical fitness. The book may be obtained by sending \$2.18 to the Institute for Physical Fitness, Inc., 5 Hillside Avenue, White Plains, N.Y.—ED.

FITNESS (CONT.) I OBJECT Says:

I would like the opportunity to sound a voice of dissent. The first and most neglected question is: physically fit? Fit for what? All too often the proponents of fitness seem to mean, "fit to look, perform and test as much like our envisioned, hypothetical ideal as is possible." The answer must be qualified somewhat in this form: fit specifically for the work we do and generally for the lives we live.

Look at our desired goal. Imagine the physically fit specimen as pictured in the minds of the Frodoles, the Nesins, the Kellys and MacCarthys. Take our all-American boy and stand him at a drafting board for seven hours a day, for five days each week. Bend him over in the forward, knee-concentration of his work, executing small finger movements. Is he comfortable? Is he work-adapted? Is he physically fit for his work? At the very least, I think, a qualified observer would have to give a qualified and cautious answer.

What about health? What about the enrichment of life through recreation? What about the needs of the nation? All right, what about them?

In the case of health, let's look at the facts. There is as yet, to my knowledge, no suitable evidence, acceptable in all respects, that will even tend to demonstrate with any surety that deviations of posture, tone, strength or flexibility falling within the hypothetical range of "normal deviation" are detrimental to health, well-being or longevity.

And what of the enrichment of recreation? Making opportunities for instruction in skills available to all and developing properly supervised facilities are probably important and desirable goals. But does everyone need the physical fitness standards of a tennis player? Of a field archer? Of a small-boat sailor? Of a chess player? Of a backyard gardener? It seems somehow wrong to set similar standards for all.

The great final defense of the fitness cult is national need. The nation's strength is the strength and fitness of its youth. Nothing could be less factitious than the thesis. National strength in time of war seems to rest on a great many things that transcend muscle strength. Power today rests in minds, in motives, in organization and above all in technology.

Finally, what of our tests and measures? Brilliant, sincere and devoted men, Harrison Clarke, T. K. Cureton, Dr. Kraus, Peter Karpovitch and numerous others, are pioneering the way to quantification. But sadly how often they, or their interpreters, become lost outside the confines of the laboratory. The monumental Physical Fitness Index lies before you. Dr. Rogers, below, still measures only one thing: your ability to perform the tasks involved in the Physical Fitness Index test. The great Kraus-Weber test of recent hypotension, the

for all its intended usefulness, can be diminished by one question, neither cynical nor empty one unlike, "So what?" What does it really tell that is important for fitting the individual to his life?

To state a positive and more suitable program is not the purpose of this present letter. I would only ask that we find out what kind of help people need to become fit and keep fit for their jobs and their lives. I object to the persistence of abstract, generalized, nonspecific standards.

LAWRENCE F. LOCKE

Marionville, Ore.

FITNESS (CONT.): SOUND THE TOXIN

Sirs:

As National Director for Health and Physical Education of the U.S. YMCA, I could use for distribution in my national Newsletter 1,000 copies of *A Measure of Fitness* by Dorothy Stull and the *State-by-State Report* (SI, Aug. 5).

H. T. FREEMORE

New York

● Requests have been received for more than 10,000 reprints of these two articles. They are now available at cost (\$14 per hundred; \$72 per thousand) in booklet form. Requests should be sent to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20.—ED.

FITNESS (CONT.): MENS SANA AND ALL THAT

Sirs:

Your otherwise excellent article by Dorothy Stull, *A Measure of Fitness*, included a greatly misleading paragraph. I hope your sense of fair play as well as your interest in American physical fitness will encourage you to publish this correcting letter.

The paragraph in question states that "Rogers' Law—a mathematical formula equating achievement on the Rogers' Physical Fitness Index with ability to learn anything (including Greek and calculus)" is so absurd that "most educators...charitably ignore" it.

To appreciate how grossly misleading all this is, one needs but to know this law, even in its most popular statement: General learning potential is about twice as dependent upon physical fitness as upon intelligence. Thus this law does not, by any stretch of imagination, state or even imply that physical fitness alone is equated with "ability to learn anything" in my mouth of "Greek or calculus." Actually, the law "seems"—but for the first time in modern pedagogy—joins physical and mental powers and insights both are necessary for any learning: "Man is a unit and can't be divided," *Mens sana in corpore sano*, and all that.

FREDERICK RAND ROGERS

Brooklyn, N.Y.

● **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** agrees that Dr. Rogers' Physical Fitness Index is a good test, although like other fitness tests it has its faults and its critics. However, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** takes issue with Dr. Rogers' claim that physical fitness has any correlation with the ability to learn academic subjects, a premise which Dr. Rogers' law clearly supports.—ED.

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PAT ON THE BACK



Henry Hoffman

SALLY MORRIS This skittish Texas miss, skimming backward on a crest of spray as though she had no more weight than a feather, is queen of her domain. She won the national water ski jumping championship in the girls' division (under 17) last year and successfully defended it two weeks ago at the 15th annual National Championship of the American Water Ski Association in San Diego, Calif. While she was at it, Sally added four feet to her jump record, which stands now at a breathtaking 67 feet. Sally also holds the North American title for girls in trick riding, a talent she displays above, where

she is being towed in a one-footed stance known as a "v-wax." And now, turned 17 the day after the San Diego meet closed and thus no longer eligible for the girls' division, she is retiring from competition "for age."

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cruse Morris of San Antonio, Sally learned her water skiing on Lake McQueeney, 30 miles from San Antonio, where the family has a summer cottage. She will keep on skiing for fun. But she has one more year to finish at fashionable Hockaday School in Dallas, and she wants to go on to college. "It would take too much practice time to maintain championship excellence on water skis to be good for my college work."



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